JOHN BULL, JULY 5, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 944. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

£1500 for 3 or 4 WORDS

PLAIN WORDS TO LYONS

by Alex. M. Thompson

Special Announcement!

Quite New—WEMBLEY Lavender SOAP.

Full size 3-oz. tablet. Delicately perfumed with the real Lavender aroma. Really worth 6d. per tablet. Our price 3d. per tablet. If unable to obtain, three tablets sent post free for 1/-

Special Offer to Readers of "JOHN BULL."

Send this advertisement, with 1/- Postal Order, and we will send you FOUR tablets instead of THREE. Use one; if not satisfied, your money returned in full under the "John Bull" guarantee.

AUSTRALIAN SOAP CO., 215-217, Mare St., Hackney, E.8

CREAMOLA Toilet Soaps

The 'MELBA'

Our latest creation, the pick of this season's fashions; there is no need for you to wear old clothes. We offer you this charming high-class costume, Tailor-made, in good quality Gabardine for 8/- monthly, and it's as good a costume as any lady could wish to wear. Look at the attractive design, the beautiful silk stitching, the long roll collar, and remember the quality is guaranteed, supplied in Navy, Nigger, Mole, Cinnamon and Black, beautifully embroidered with colored silk and Paisley lining and the price is only £3 9 cash or 63/- easy terms, 8/- now & 8/- monthly after delivery. Send 8/- now, say colour desired, and you have the costume to wear while paying for it.

8/- MONTHLY

are our easy terms for this splendid costume; a high-class West End design, which will give you the appearance of being well dressed. Our special value, only 63/- ON EASY TERMS

The charm of being well dressed is now within your reach. Here we offer you, on simple easy terms, this wonderful costume of extreme beauty for 8/- monthly. It's the only safe way, send 8/- and have the costume to examine before paying anything further — if satisfied you pay 8/- monthly, if not satisfied your deposit is refunded. Send 8/- to-day, and say which colour we shall send you.

PRICE LIST FREE.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores RYE.

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending threepence in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53EL), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

JOHN BULL *protects your home whilst you are Holiday-making.*

Let

JOHN BULL stand sentry over your home

WHO has not been haunted by the dread of something happening to the home whilst away on holidays? The risk of Fire, Lightning or Storm is a very real one.

Wouldn't you feel easier in your mind if JOHN BULL stood sentry over the home you have left, ready to compensate you for any damage that might be done?

The JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift is extended to registered readers during their stay at hotel, boarding house or apartment, for a period not exceeding one month, both as to accident benefits (including boating and bathing accidents) and damage to their personal belongings up to £20.

Be sure to purchase your JOHN BULL whilst away, for in case the necessity should arise to make application for benefit, you will be required to show that you purchased the paper during your holidays.

If you have not registered, do so now and leave home with a quiet mind.

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400.

W. EALING.—Mrs. E. PATTERSON, 41, Williams Road.
FROME.—M. LAMBERT, 57, Selwood Road.
WIDNES.—J. TURNER, 63, Nelson Street.
BALHAM, S.W. 12.—E. MANTZ, 48, Boundaries Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. D. WHYTE, 29, Stafford Street.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. W. BRIGHT, 10, Shaddongate.
HULL.—Mrs. A. COCKRILL, 3, Brighton Street.
TRURO.—Mrs. M. BURNLEY, 12, Moresk Road.
HIGHAM FERRERS.—H. WHITING, St. George's Row, Chelveston.
ATHERTON, Nr. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. JANE PICKLES, 90, High Street.
NORWICH.—Mrs. L. YOUNGS, 12, Cat and Fiddle Yard, Botolph Street.
ALLOA, N.B.—G. PRENTICE, 36, Forth Bank Square.
ARBROATH.—Mrs. MIDDLETON, 26, Helen Street.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0.

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

MARYPORT, CUMBERLAND.—H. REEVES, 129, Senhouse Street.
GATESHEAD.—Mrs. A. YORK, 60, First Street.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. M. CANEVALE, 5, Drumfrochar Road.
HULL.—Mrs. E. M. TOWNEND, 34, Richmond Terrace, Waterloo Street.
ALDERSHOT.—Mrs. ZEBEDEE, 55B, Married Quarters, North Camp.
BRADFORD.—J. BURKE, 18, Wooton Street, West Bowling.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. K. MIDDLETON, 37, Foljambe Road.
ECKINGTON, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. BERESFORD, 53, Fenton Street.
CROSBY, CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. W. PURDY, Laurel House.
WARRINGTON.—Mrs. F. M. MANNERING, 28, St. Peter's Place.
NEWHALL, Nr. BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. BAXTER, 109, New Road.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. L. GRETTON, 19 Broadway Street.

Accident Benefits.
£3 per week.

GILFACH GOCH, Nr. BRIDGEND.—Mrs. E. J. MOORE, 47, High Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. GOLLINSKI, 89, Albert Grove.
HIGHFIELDS, Nr. DONCASTER.—Mrs. F. GOLDING, 126, Coppice Road.
PENRHIWCEIBER.—Mr. W. D. ENGLAND, 16, Rheola Street.
CINDERFORD.—Mrs. M. EDWARDS, Forest Road.
LITTLE EVERSDEN, Nr. CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. M. E. BAKER, Rose Cottage.
ALDERSHOT.—Mrs. N. HUGHES, 35B Square, South Camp.
BALHAM, S.W. 12.—Mr. E. DYETT, 75, Ramsden Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. B. CLARK, 21, Prince Regent Street.
EGREMONT, CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. MULHOLLAND, Meadow View.
CARBROOK, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. J. BIGGIN, 5, Southern Street.
THORNHILL LEES, DEWSBURY.—Mrs. M. SMITH, 1, Queen Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid the Newsagents concerned.

12,821 Benefits now Paid—Sign now.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C 2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's full Name.....

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/7/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/7/24.

SEND NO MONEY

J.B. 5.7.24.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (inc. postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

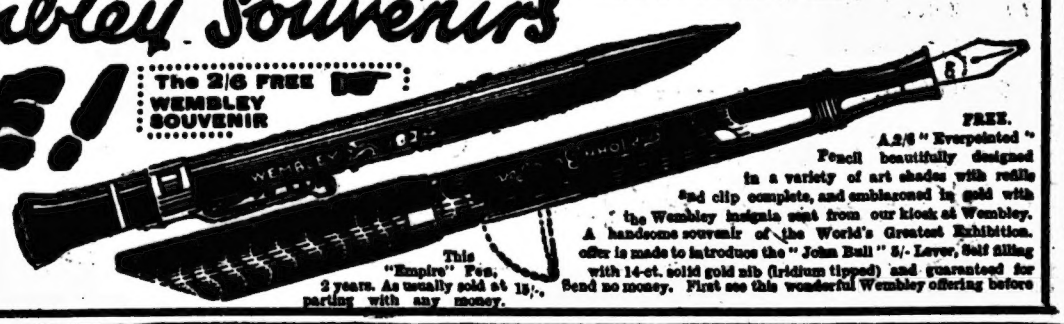
NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O. / cheque "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib.

2/6 Wembley Souvenirs FREE! to "John Bull" Readers

Actual length of Pencil 5¼ inches.



This "Empire" Pen, 2 years. As usually sold at 15/-, parting with any money.

FREE. A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil beautifully designed in a variety of art shades with refills and clip complete, and embla zoned in gold with the Wembley insignia sent from our kiosk at Wembley. A handsome souvenir of the World's Greatest Exhibition. offer is made to introduce the "John Bull" 5/- Lever, Self filling with 14-ct. solid gold nib (iridium tipped) and guaranteed for Send no money. First see this wonderful Wembley offering before

The New "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor will shave you better every day—in every way —————at a cost of Half-a-crown

YES. Shave you *better* every day. No more dragging or pulling. No more half-shaves. No more continual changing of blades. Yet a perfect, close, comfortable shave every time.

This is how.

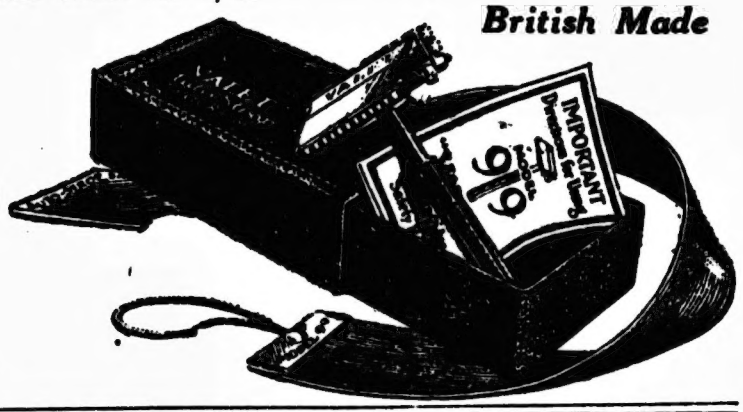
Each "VALET" Razor has a strop; you slip it straight into the razor head. For about 10 seconds you run the razor up and down. This gives you a perfect shaving edge and because the blade is stropped into this sharpness every morning it gives you the same perfect shave for weeks and weeks. To clean it is just as simple—a rinse, a wipe, a run on the strop and you are finished.

You can obtain the half-crown set in a neat case which contains the razor, one blade and strop. Most dealers stock it, but should you experience any difficulty the manufacturers will send it post free on receipt of a postal order for 2/6.

British Made

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

Obtainable of all Dealers.



THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 197-207, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

Stops Skin Pain.

The frightful pain of Dermatitis and Ulcers, the irritation of Eczema, the discomfort of all Skin Troubles, are soothed at a touch by GERMOLENE.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

Mr. H. Pates's Statement.

Mr. H. Pates, of 31, Hessel Road, West Ealing, London, W.13, says: "Some months ago a rash appeared on my arm and the pain was awful. The eruption spread to the other arm and my legs, and even to the back of my neck. The pain was so severe that I could not sleep. I had advice, but remained without relief, and some of the things I tried nearly drove me mad. The trouble was dermatitis, and I continued to suffer agonies until I got Germolene. That night I had the first real sleep I had known for weeks. From then onwards the trouble grew less, and now it has quite gone."

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

STICK-A-SOLES

Made by Phillips

Very thin and light rubber soles. Securely attached with PHILLIPS SOLUTION ONLY.

Ladies' 2/6 pr. Men's 3/6 pr. WITH PHILLIPS SOLUTION.

Stack like a Stamp! Quite Invisible!!

A GOOD *STOUT* PROPOSITION

LARGE BOTTLE OF STOUT FOR ONE PENNY

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING. EASILY MADE AT HOME by using

Dr. WATSON'S TONIC STOUT

6d. & 1/- Boxes.

OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, STORES. 1/- BOX makes 3 gallons of the World's most appetising and wholesome Drink.

SEND 9d. FOR LARGE SAMPLE BOX.

BIRMINGHAM FOOD SUPPLY Co., Ltd., 71, VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

HOPE.

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

SELDOM has a message been given to mankind so charged with hope as are these words of Lister's. Lord Lister felt that some day someone would produce an antiseptic that was both active and safe. Then would humanity's outlook be made brighter by the prospect of rescue from the shipwreck of preventable disease and premature death. Lister's dream has been realised to the full in 'Yadil' Antiseptic, which marks a new era in the prevention and treatment of disease.

'YADIL' meets every condition of the ideal antiseptic. It is entirely of harmless vegetable origin, its active principle being natural essential oil of garlic, it never taints the breath or the body. It is perfectly safe whether applied externally or swallowed. It is simple to use, and is effective not only in the more common ailments such as colds and coughs, but also in severe and dangerous disorders like pneumonia, bronchitis, pleurisy, consumption tumours, abscesses, etc.

THE experience of thousands of medical men who have used it during the last seven years is the granite foundation upon which rest the claims of 'Yadil.' I only repeat what doctors have reported to me! Were medical practitioners allowed to write to the Press their experience of my antiseptic would create the greatest sensation ever known in the history of medicine. The nation would then realise that I have the best grounds for stating that were 'Yadil' used in every disorder without exception, tuberculosis would seldom develop, and over 100,000 lives a year would be saved in the British Isles alone.

IN Manchester recently I lunched with a woman who, five years ago, was on the point of death from consumption. The doctor had informed the husband that there was no hope. To-day she is well and happy. 'Yadil' rescued her as it has thousands of others.

IN summer diarrhœa, enteritis, dysentery, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, and other children's complaints, which carry away tens of thousands of young lives every year, the illness would be very short and deaths very few if my antiseptic was *always* given at the very first symptom of disorder.

YOU can do your duty to the Empire by making your home safe against disease and premature death. Get this very day a supply of 'Yadil' and a copy of THE YADIL BOOK from your chemist. Don't wait until to-morrow—for to-morrow may be too late.

Alex Clement

A copy of "THE YADIL BOOK" will be sent, post free, to any home or foreign address on receipt of 2/6 or you may get it from your chemist.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by Clement & Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Dental Cream	per tube 1/6

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3s. for extra postage and packing. Excess money will be refunded.

The word 'Yadil' is registered. W.B.P.

Pronounce it YAH—DIL

For COLDS and CATARRH

Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes

Safe, pleasant, soothing and healing—clears out head, nose and throat—no cubebs—no tobacco.

20 Cigarettes for 1/6

On sale at all Chemists

Family size package 100 Cigarettes 5/6

GRAVES

LIGHT LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Finest Value in the World.

STYLISH COSTUME 9/- FOR

Balance by easy instalments of 11/- MONTHLY.

THIS fashionable costume of fine quality Soft French Gabardine, richly embroidered on pockets, cuffs and collar. A low waisted silhouette is obtained with gathers at each side, and the coat fastens with a tie. Exceptional value at - 75/-

Write for patterns and booklet "Chic & Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY, Dept. J.B. 28, Brown St., Manchester.

GREY HAIR 8d. Tatcho-Tone Trial Phial

IS THE ONE SAFE REMEDY.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, Price 4/6. Trial Phial for test purposes, 8d., Post Free. TATCHO-TONE, 4, Gt., Queen St., London, W.C.2.

SILENTIA RUBBER TILES

THE PERFECT FLOORING.

Silent—Durable—Beautiful—Economical—Easily fixed. Will outlast Stone. *Certificated by the Institute of Hygiene.* Write for particulars to—THE INDIA RUBBER FLOORING CO., LTD., 37, GREAT RAILWAY STREET, LONDON, E.C. 1

THE 'BOLTON'

Direct from Factory

No. 31. Great reduction in price. Beautifully upholstered and painted. Durable and strong, yet light to handle. For child lying down or sitting up. Send for Free Catalogue "J."

REDUCED to £2.17.6

Carriage paid on approval.

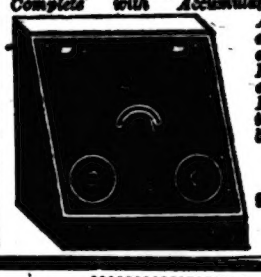
S. BOLTON, 380 & 402, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8. 99, Merton Rd., Imperial Parade, Wimbledon, S.W. 47, Dartmouth Rd., Forest Hill, S.E., and 210, Holloway Road, N.

YOURS FOR 20/-

Send 20s. to-day, together with your order for the "Tonyphone," and this wonderful set, which receives all B.B.C. Stations, will be delivered at once, complete, including all accessories. You pay a further £1 each month afterwards. The total cost is only £13 9 6, or if you prefer, £12 10 0 cash.

"TONYPHONE" SUPER TWO VALVES

Complete with Accumulator, H.T. Battery Aerial, 1 pair 4,000 ohms Headphones, and two Valves—one High frequency and one Detector. All Royalties paid. Send to-day and enjoy broadcasting NOW.



BRITISH ENGINEERING PRODUCTS CO., 81d, Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

STARTLING SUCCESS OF GREAT SALE

SARTOR RAINCOATS

REDUCED SALE PRICE **17/6** CARRIAGE PAID IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

Since the commencement of the great SARTOR Sale the demand for these wonderful raincoats has been enormous. This is the greatest of all Raincoat bargains. We know that such an offer as this would prove a great attraction, but the actual result has surprised us. Ask yourself: "Can I get a guaranteed raincoat suited to all weathers anywhere for 17/6?"

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths'), and accurate Self-measurement Form. The famous SARTOR is made from a fully-proofed GABARDINE, with handsome check lining, perfectly tailored and finished with individual care. Since our Sale began thousands of catalogues and Patterns have been sent out. Thousands more are ready—GET YOURS TO-DAY.

SEND NO MONEY. Get the Patterns first, judge their value and BE CONVINCED. When you are satisfied better value cannot be had—THEN ORDER.

OUR GUARANTEE. No SARTOR is sold without it. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the Coat back and we will refund your money IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO., (Dept. J.) 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

SEE THE "SARTOR" MADE STAND No. H 256. Miscellaneous Textile Section. PALACE OF INDUSTRIES. BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £5.—Cheapest wholesale warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 61, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to Start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouses, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

REMNANTS and CUT LENGTHS.—Send now for Free Wholesale Price List.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

SPECIAL LINE Ladies' Wool Serge Frocks, Navy, Nig., Blk. & Grey, also striped Navy & Nig., 9/11. With Peter Pan Collar, same shades, 10/9.—S. Mendel (B), 65, Market Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good comm.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 18, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU?

Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of Scientific Salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the Science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position awaits you at the end of the Course, a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly-paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for intensely interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28 T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.—Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 3, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter Riggers), Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Instrument Repairers, Power Station Tradesmen, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers and Wireless Operators, skilled and semi-skilled. Age limits: Ex-Service or skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, 18 to 30; all others, 18 to 26. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 9/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 139, Strand, London.

£3 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Fulham Street, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hamlet Road, Leeds.

BABY CARS from 54/-

Direct from Works, Carriage Paid.

Keen Cash Prices, or Easy Payments.

On Approval.
Grand Value.
50
Beautiful Models.

More than 60,000 Cars have been supplied to satisfied customers.

Save Shop Expenses and send now for our Free Art Catalogue.

THE GODIVA CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. 58), COVENTRY.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FASCINATING EGYPT.—Write the I.C.A., 2,077, Saadoon Boota, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters, 1½d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 38 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 262-270, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS! SAVE MORE by dealing direct with Factory. 50/- better value in Cycles from 77/6 Cash, Easy Payments 2/3 Weekly. Tyres 30 per cent. cheaper, from 2/11. Carriers 2/-, Chains 1/11. Guaranteed Cyclometers 2/3, Half-crown Waterproof Helmets 4d. Thousand more extraordinary bargains. Write for Monster 132-page Shopping Guide. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE. No obligation to purchase.—Address Moorhouse, Ltd., 30, Winchester Works, Padiham, Burnley.

LAND FOR SALE.

MAIDSTONE, near pretty Woodland, for smallholder., Poultry, Pigs, £25 to £360. Bldg. Plots, £10.—Ford, Whitehall, Ashford, Kent.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Send 4d. stamps for 2 Illus. Sample Less. in Jujitsu.—YAWARA (J.B.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Mx.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free.—47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

SENSATIONAL HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Proved by Over 1,000 Doctors.

32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book about the startling hair-growing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

ITS SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagsolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years Scientists have known that the origin of nearly all hair troubles is malnutrition of the hair roots. Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., points out: "... Like all other tissues of the body, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

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OVER A THOUSAND DOCTORS

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Do not hesitate to apply for a copy of the book. It is sent to you post free and implies no obligation on your part whatever.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

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CRESTONA Iced Chocolate Cake is delicious—easily made from Crestona Chocolate Cake Mixture. 9½d. packet makes a cake. Your Grocer sells it.

CROWDED OUT.

Owing to demand upon space, many small advertisements in this section have been unavoidably held over till next week.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

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FINEST GRAMOPHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x14x7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box. Price: £3 : 10 : 0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- Money back if disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

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Your life in your hands—

Its wholesome, vanishing odour identifies the Lifebuoy health element

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the health doctor

You are your family's health doctor. See that every member of your family washes the hands with Lifebuoy before meals—after work or play—after touching soiled objects—after touching others.

Health is more than wealth.

Health is life and happiness.

Buy a carton to-day

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

L 867—109

HOW can you, for a single instant, risk the loss of the only thing in life worth while—your good health?

Health is too often contemptuous of its foes. Yet these foes are dangerous—and ever present.

The simplest things you touch are the most frequent causes of sickness—books, public telephones, doorknobs, train and tram straps and hundreds of others.

Why hands must be purified

Doctors no longer worry about many things which used to be thought responsible for the spread of disease—they now know beyond all question that sickness is communicated almost entirely by contact with those who are sick or have apparently recovered but who deposit germs on everything they touch.

You cannot always help touching these people or the articles they handle. You cannot even keep your hands away from your nose, mouth or food. But you can purify your hands frequently. That is your surest protection.

A true health soap is the greatest preventive medicine ever created—the most valuable guardian of health.

What is the unique quality of Lifebuoy Soap which has made it one of the most widely used soaps in the world?

Is it the rich, creamy lather, so soothing and invigorating? Not altogether. Some other pure soaps make a pleasant lather.

Is it the startling cleansing power which dislodges quantities of grime from hands that looked perfectly clean? Possibly.

But the big quality, which makes Lifebuoy unlike any other soap, is the wonderful health element. The gentle antiseptic which the lather carries deep down into every pore, combating the invisible enemies always lurking on dirty hands.

The famous health element

It is the health element which mothers prize—which makes them so insistent that children and husband must purify hands and face with Lifebuoy after work or play, before eating, and always before going to bed.

It is because Lifebuoy protects, that mothers place a cake at every place where hands are washed.

Buy it in cartons, three double cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight.

Vol. XXXV. No. 966.
Week ending Saturday,
July 5, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Gerrard 9666.

Telegrams: Herqually, London.

The Will to Win.

The reported agreement between the Premier and M. Herriot over European problems gives every reason for hoping that at last a tangible solution of this unhappy muddle will result.

Giving it Strength.

That both premiers will attend the next meeting of the League of Nations is an immense step towards making this anæmic body live. For the first time it acquires prestige.

Round it Off.

We know, incidentally, that they are going to insist on the immediate inclusion of Germany. Until that is done the League remains a pretence.

The Acid Test.

They have, too, the chance of making history if they agree to settle the bugbear of French "Security" on the basis of the League. No other way can achieve permanence.

A Mesopotamia Mystery.

Pressure was put upon Iraq to force the signing of the Anglo-Iraq Treaty. What means were used? Was it fair pressure?

Tell Us.

A year ago the Premier signed a strong resolution against secret diplomacy. Here is a chance for him to put his theories into practice.

Bitter Memories.

The Premier has only himself to blame for the suspicions to which the Chequers conversations gave rise. An anxious nation does not relish secrecy where its future is at stake.

High-handed Tactics.

With the utmost vigour we condemn the threatened building lockout. We consider neither unions nor employers are entitled to turn a local dispute into a national quarrel.

The Missing Factor.

For our part we are concerned with the light it throws on Housing Schemes which have no secure basis. Without guaranteed immunity from strikes and lockouts they rest on sand.

Make Them Build.

We have said, and shall continue to say, that the nation can only be adequately housed when it is organised for peace as it was for war.

Orders not Requests.

When a Government arises with the courage and power to stand up impartially to both rings and unions, we shall get our houses. Not before.

The Rising Tide.

Sir Geo. Paish says the greatest expansion of trade the world has ever seen is in sight. So the greatest economist in the country confirms our oft-repeated opinion.

Facing Facts.

We applaud the Government's decision to hold a comprehensive enquiry into the state and prospects of British trade. It is what we have been urging for months.

Rightabout Turn.

Almost every industry in America shows that high wages lead to increased production and diminished costs. What a fatal policy we have pursued since the war!

Scrap and Refit.

We have paid skilled engineers less than scavengers, and then wondered why they emigrated! The enquiry should open a good many blind eyes.

More Hidden Facts.

The Government might well hold another exhaustive enquiry into the costs and profits of the distributive coal trade. The public interest demands it without delay.

Protect Yourselves.

The practice of giving short weight is on the increase by both traders and hawkers. The best remedy is to weigh purchases at home and make instant complaint to the nearest official when trickery has occurred.

Up They Go.

Once more food prices are steadily rising. Butter, cheese and bacon are up, flour has risen and bread will soon be dearer.

Bleak Prospects.

Despite the Budget, tea is about to advance and sugar will probably cost more. Next winter will mean hard times for thousands.

Wholesale Robbery.

There is no doubt that food rings and combines are steadily at work forcing up prices, and the position is getting serious.

Does No One Care?

Mr. Webb has prepared a Bill to deal faithfully with profiteers. Where is it? The time is ripe for action.

The Housewives' Battle.

Meanwhile there is no need to delay the most effective remedy of all. A steady boycott of articles with artificially inflated prices would bring their cost down with a run.

Why?

Kinemas are not the only profiteers with regard to the Entertainment Tax. Admission to cricket matches remains what it was.

Eliminate the Usurers.

If the Government itself undertook the giving of credit to small businesses, the money-lending scandal would quickly cease. Mr. Snowden might think it over.

£1,500! "BULLETS" MONSTER FIRST

See page 31

Disgraceful "Trade."

Despite repeated disclosures, Guardians continue to send children to Canada where they face starvation or worse. Time this infamous export of flesh and blood was ended.

Conniving at Cruelty.

Meanwhile we confess to some surprise at seeing the Labour Party, represented by Miss Margaret Bondfield, giving such proceedings its blessing. But it's a long time since Blatchford wrote "Britain for the British!"

The Week's Best Joke.

"We in England," says the *Daily Mail*, "have confidence in Signor Mussolini." It's not the first time an editorial "we" has coloured truth with fabrication!

Unscientific Serfdom.

Silent work is slavery. It is also a soul-killing part of the prison system. We should like Mr. Hartshorn to explain why it is to be enforced on post office telegraphists.

Someone Should Blush.

"I am entitled to get a living. I have fought for my country," said a street musician to the Bench. It is an unanswerable argument.

Then Tax Them.

The Government says it believes in the taxation of land values. Its belief does not seem strong enough to produce any action.

Free the Land.

Yet such taxation would solve half our social difficulties. Incidentally it would force farmers to farm and also cure agricultural apathy.

The Eternal Problem.

Practical suggestions for solving the evil of casual labour at the docks have now been framed. Let them speedily become law.

We've Often Said So.

Our population is increasing, despite a falling birth-rate, because the death-rate has decreased. If there ever was a justification for disease prevention being better than cure, here it is.

The Hard Nut.

M. Zinovieff says that England is now the chief task of the Communist International. If you see what we mean, this is an extraordinary tribute to English sanity and common-sense.

Broad Hints.

And we advise the Government to ponder seriously the words of M. Radek: "Where the number of unemployed diminishes we lose votes."

There's a Reason.

There is lying in the London banks sixteen million pounds of old Russian Government gold. A settlement with Russia would involve this being handed over. Now do you see why certain interests oppose Russian recognition?

Equalise Opportunity.

Major Hore-Belisha's Bill to prevent Parliamentary seats being "bought" by rich candidates is an excellent idea. Depth of purse should be no passport to Westminster.

The Lunacy Commission.

The appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the administration of the Lunacy Laws marks the culmination of a long campaign in which John Bull has taken a leading part.

The Nameless Child.

The Legitimacy Bill, after its triumph in the Commons, is threatened by the Lords. But justice for the child will prevail.

More Work—for Frenchmen.

Tired of having their building schemes held up by the shortage of bricks, the Hull Corporation have ordered a million bricks from France. These could have been made at home by some Britons now walking the streets in search of work, were it not for the rapacity of the rings who have engineered an artificial shortage for their own greedy ends.

Why Poison Babies?

At long last the campaign waged by JOHN BULL urging cleaner milk is winning all along the line. United Dairies, Ltd., are gradually scrapping cans for bottles, and the public is beginning to insist on them. Too many babies have been poisoned by dirty milk in cans. Before long we hope to see a clean sheet of paper protecting every loaf from dirt and germs.

The Safety Match.

Employees of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, Ltd., —and of others—it is said, are not allowed to marry without permission from headquarters if their salaries are below £225 per year. Why? Wedlock is the synonym of moral safety for men of marriageable age, and banks should make it possible for their staffs to have cots of their own by paying more than a bare living wage.

Frozen Frauds.

The best elements in the catering trade are rallying to the support of our pure food campaign. Mr. A. Pompa, editor of the *Ice Cream Journal*, has something to say about the nasty secrets of that seasonable trade. In particular he protests against the sale of "cream ices," with "eggs and milk guaranteed," the concoction in question being wholly innocent of eggs, milk, or cream. And the Food and Drugs Act has nothing to say.

The Night Prowler.

When a severe storm broke over South Elmsall a kindly hearted family took pity on James Sykes, who was working on the road, and admitted him to their home. And in the night-time he repaid their goodness by creeping to the room where their ten-year-old daughter slept, and interfered with the child. In view of the fact that the Pontefract magistrate considered one month hard a sufficient punishment for the crime, it may be assumed that they have not daughters of their own.

No Ships for Heroes.

Although he has no ship, owing to the preference of shipping magnates for Dagoes, Lascars and Chinks, Ernest Holmes, a seaman, of Mason Street, S.E., has enough pluck to keep more than himself afloat. He jumped into the swirling Thames at Westminster, battled with a furious tide, and saved the life of a girl of sixteen. His strength failed, but he held on to her and at last pushed her into other hands and managed himself to cling to a boat. Holmes is one of the men who prove the worth of the British seaman.

Hands Across the Sea.

A public memorial has been placed over the grave of poor Charlie Bulpitt, the little English boy emigrant to Canada who committed suicide after being punished by his employer. We appreciate this kindly action, because it shows that Canadian people sympathise with the child emigrants we have done our best to protect. We are not less glad to see that public meetings in Canada are now passing resolutions demanding what we demanded—better safeguards for these exiled kiddies.

Breaking in an Army Horse.

We hope the usual methods of breaking in horses for the Army are very different from those disclosed at Bulmer East Petty Sessions, when Oswald Harland, of The Bungalow, Towthorpe, Yorks, and two privates of the 2nd Bn. Cheshire Regt. were convicted of shocking cruelty to a mare which had been sent to Harland by an Army contractor to be broken in. Evidence was given that the animal was brutally tortured for nearly three hours on end, and it was eventually decided that it should be shot. Harland was fined £5 5s., and the soldiers £1 each. None of them should be allowed to handle a horse again.

A Sporting Offer.

"Look here, I am going to put you on probation for a year, and if you keep your word of honour not to take drink, and don't appear here during that time, I'll pay your fare to Rothesay next summer, and allow you all expenses for a week's holiday," was the sporting offer made by Bailie J. A. D. McLean at the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, to a woman who pleaded for a chance. The Bailie's way is the good way!

The People Forgotten.

The Vicar of St. Silas Church, Blackburn, refuses to recognise dances and whist drives as legitimate parochial activities, and, despite the vigorous opposition of the lay officials, he maintains his attitude, and has even declined to take part in a forthcoming bazaar if proceeds of this class of social effort are applied towards church objects. Can we wonder that the Church is out of touch with the people?

Indian's White Wife.

Once again our warning of the horrors that follow marriages between white girls and coloured men has been proved only too true. Mrs. Gladys Seinapatti wept before the magistrates at Manchester, telling how her Indian husband took her to Amritsar where she was forced to lead the life of a native wife, and was mobbed by the Hindus. A child of twenty, she is now a physical wreck. Such unions are against Nature.

Fined for Kindness.

Mr. W. E. Ingram, the landlord of the Lelant Hotel, Cornwall, need not feel depressed by his recent conviction at the East Penwith Sessions. When a man entered his house in a hopelessly intoxicated condition, Ingram deemed it inadvisable to turn him out into the road in such a state, and placed him in a private room to await a carriage. The Bench showed their appreciation of his thoughtful action by fining him 10s. We can assure him that all decent folk will count it to him for righteousness.

The Human Machine.

A FEW RULES.

By E. R. THOMPSON, B.A.

LET us sum up some of the conclusions to be drawn from our study of memory up to date.

To remember a fact it must be strongly impressed on the mind. Interest in the learning, and intense concentration on the task, are the main factors.

Never give way to the idea that your memory is poor. Tell yourself firmly that you have a good memory. Remember that this "auto-suggestion," as it is called, has a powerful effect. What is more, you will be telling yourself nothing less than the truth.

Trust your memory. Assuming that the learning has been well done, when you attempt to recall it, what comes strongly to the mind is almost sure to be correct.

Just "let it come." This is a case where, nine times out of ten, first thoughts are best.

Remembering depends on the association of ideas. When learning, therefore, put together those things you wish to remember. The more two things are associated, the more will the thought of one tend to call up the other.

Thought is a habit. Train yourself to think logically. Don't wander aimlessly, either in thought or speech. It all helps.

Remember that sound health is the physical basis of good memory. Plenty of exercise and fresh air are essential to an alert mind.

Lastly, take a wide interest in people and things. Anything, so long as it is linked up with your thoughts, is a possible aid to memory. Once again, be interested.

A Delightful Son.

Although not working, Thomas Ryder, of 45, Wolseley Street, Glasgow, expects his mother to pamper him on every occasion. When a three-course dinner proved to be not quite to his liking, the scoundrel made to kick his mother, and the woman had to run to escape from him. Ryder has been put on probation for a year, and for his mother's sake we hope he mends his ways.

Encouraging Blackmail.

Penge magistrates evidently think less of the good name of the police than we do. Henry Osmond, of Croydon Municipal Lodging House, posed as a detective and told several persons that if they gave him money he would "keep quiet" about them. He got 5s. from one victim, and a £5 fine at Penge. Blackmailers who take the name of the police in vain want punishing.

Clubs for Cupid.

"Street-corner and country lane courtships, which young people too frequently have forced upon them, are often responsible for many results," is the opinion of the Rev. E. W. Sara, of the Bishop of London's Sunday School Council. And as an improvement upon these conditions he advocates the establishment of courtship clubs, where the nice girls could meet the nice boys. An experiment which ought to be tried.

Blind Vengeance.

What bitter miscarriages of justice must have gone unredressed before the creation of the Court of Criminal Appeal in 1908! At the recent Carnarvonshire Quarter Sessions a man named Victor Clifton, convicted of a trumpery theft, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The Criminal Appeal Court reduced this savage award to three months' hard labour! The first sentence was an inhuman outrage. Who was to blame?

The Impotence of Ignorance.

Although almost all the inhabitants of certain thoroughfares in Crewe have petitioned the Town Council to take steps to stop heavy motor omnibuses using those roads on account of the quaking of their houses, the local big-wigs profess to be impotent in the matter. Under the Roads Act, 1920, the Minister of Transport may be asked to make an order closing any specified highway to unsuitable vehicles. We suggest that the Councillors of Crewe should act on this information.

The Short Way.

It's a long, long way from the Ministry of Pensions to Tipperary, as Mr. Thomas Nolan, a totally disabled ex-soldier, of River Street, Killenaule, Co. Tipperary, discovered in attempting to secure his dues. We showed him the short way when he placed the matter in our hands, for forthwith we procured for him an extension of his pension of 40s. a week plus 10s. a week in respect of his wife. He says, "I know several men to whom it would be a Godsend if they wrote to JOHN BULL, for you would do more in an hour than their organisations would do in a year."

Kill Rather Than Cure!

A reader who hoped to be helpful to the Government in the matter of foot-and-mouth disease, has sent us the amazing reply he received from the Ministry of Agriculture. "With regard to your offer to submit a cure for the disease, I am to say that the Ministry is aware that the disease can be cured. The Ministry's policy for eradicating the disease, however, is that of immediate slaughter of infected and in-contact animals, and except in very exceptional cases, farmers are not permitted to attempt to cure affected animals."

Hazards of the Holidays.

Always when we leave home for the annual holiday there is that feeling of fear that something may happen to the house during our absence. If only we could leave someone to guard our homes and property! Well, why not? Why not let JOHN BULL be your sentry while you enjoy yourself? Register in our Free Insurance Gift, and we compensate you for any damage done whether by Fire, Lightning or Flood! There are many other benefits in our scheme, details of which are on page 2.

One Method.

There is one way in which the "salted" backer can get a little back from the bogus bookmakers, and that is to lodge a complaint with the Registry of Business Names, because few of these rogues have any right to their trade names.

From the Canon's Mouth.

According to Canon Alexander, of St. Paul's Cathedral, he is dismayed by the multitudes of women who do nothing except devote time to their personal adornment. We advise him to cheer himself up by getting up early one morning, standing outside the Cathedral, and watching the multitudes of women he will see hurrying to office and shop to earn "this day our daily bread."

A Smack for a Kiss.

We hope that Miss Daisy Gardner smacked hard when Phillip Rubenstein, who works in the same Brick Lane workshop, took advantage of their being alone and kissed her. After she had smacked his face she complained, with the result that he is £5 the poorer. An embroiderer by occupation and a lady-killer by incl nation, Rubenstein must learn to respect women.

A Public Danger.

Mark Rogers, of Paddington, crippled and in ill-health, was granted a taxi driver's licence by the police, and was in turn arrested by the police and charged with drunkenness, when he collided with another taxi. The Marylebone magistrate held that it was the effect of six hours' duty on the frail frame of Rogers which caused the collision, and discharged him, commenting strongly on the police methods of granting licences. We endorse the comments.

Better Than Bumbleism.

There is a refreshingly humane, anti-Bumbleish flavour about the Wandsworth Council's decision to send a woman infirmary patient, suffering from tuberculosis, to Switzerland to try the sun-cure. The poor woman's chance for renewed health will cost £505, the Guardians paying £380, and the firm who formerly employed the sufferer contributing £125. This piece of co-operative benevolence reflects credit both on the firm and the local authorities. Truly there are kind hearts down Wandsworth way.

An Unfriendly Friend.

We can hardly express our opinion of an employer mean enough to deduct his workmen's insurance contributions, put the money into his own pocket, and then try to fob the men off with the tale that he has lost their books and cards. Such a man is Percy Friend, jobmaster, of Gatwick Stables, Wimbledon, who fully deserved the stiff fines inflicted on him by the Wimbledon Bench. We imagine that a blind man's pennies would hardly be safe if there were many mean specimens like Percy about.

Great White Scourge.

An amazing cure for consumption, backed by excellent medical credentials, is reported from Budapest. Unhappily there is little reason to hope that the British Government, which for so long neglected to investigate the Spahlinger treatment, and is ignoring the Manchester "Yadil" test, will interest itself in this latest discovery. It is a sad irony on our modern civilisation that we should be ready to spend millions annually preparing to destroy life while grudging a few thousands to fight the germs of death.

The Stolen Name.

In our issue of June 14 we commented on a case in which a man named Alfred Southwick, described as an expert motor thief, while in jail at Wormwood Scrubbs, suggested further crimes to a fellow prisoner, which were afterwards carried out. The man who called himself Southwick was not Mr. Southwick, but a thief who had stolen Mr. Southwick's motor-cycle, and it was in this assumed name that he was arrested. In common with other newspapers we were misled as to the facts, which were reported by a well-known news agency. We therefore desire to apologise to Mr. Alfred Southwick for any pain that our comment, innocently made, may have caused him, and to put the matter right, as far as he is concerned by this public expression of regret.

Wild off the Mark.

It is not often that Sir Ernest Wild makes wild statements, yet he slipped at the Old Bailey when he said that, referring to crimes of passion, "there have been many more since the war." In 1913, there were 4,710 offences against the person. in 1921 they fell to 4,239. Yes, Sir Ernest, we are getting better not worse, you will be glad to know. Life is getting more Ernest and less Wild!

Some Men's Love.

Until she found herself in the Altrincham Police Court, charged with theft, pretty Alice Whitehead did not realise that for love she had risked her character and her freedom. All the world to her was the man she had given her affection. What she meant to him is revealed in the fact that he took from her clothing, boots, and other articles she could only buy with stolen money. What skunks some "lovers" are.

A Cry for Knowledge.

The Brighton Town Council is asking the Government to give power to local authorities to establish birth-control clinics. On the whole we are in sympathy with the proposal. It is monstrously unfair that vital knowledge easily accessible to the rich should be denied to the poor, whose need is far greater. What excuse can Comrade Wheatley find for refusing this democratic demand?

Forged Passports.

The Prime Minister announces that the Government is "fully alive" to the evil of forged passports to which we have constantly called attention. How comes it then that these false documents are still in regular use, so much so that among alien criminals deportation from this country by a Home Office order is openly laughed at as a meaningless farce? It looks as though the Immigration Officers are suffering from sleepy sickness.

Problems of Life.

LONELINESS.

BY the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is said that a sure way to drive a man mad is to keep him in solitary confinement for any great length of time, especially if he be compelled to be inactive.

We are necessary to each other, not only bodily but spiritually. As we come into possession of our individuality through the stimulus of social training and fellowship, so do we refresh and invigorate it by constant intercourse with our fellow-creatures.

It is in this that the zest of living mainly consists. Yet how many people are denied it in more than a minor degree!

It is not enough to mingle with the crowd as a looker-on, nor to be a co-worker with those who serve in the common business of life; we need intimacy, personal interest, love.

The fellowship of the crowd but accentuates the loneliness of the soul that has no private affection to fall back upon, no fellow-being with whom to share hidden hopes and fears.

If you have no one to whom yours is the dearest face on earth you are poor amid untold wealth.

You are rich if there is always someone who wants you, who lives in your successes and to whom your failures matter not a whit, who believes in you to the uttermost.

It makes a greater blank in life to lose one for whom you live than one who lives for you.

Therefore be alert to serve and love, that you may be wanted in a world where the worst kind of isolation is that of the soul that finds no other for whom to care.

Out of His Shell.

Months ago we exposed the canting activities of Mr. F. S. Caudle and his house purchase ramp, which was severely criticised, after our article, by the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Caudle has once again become active, and is now operating in the Cardiff area. We strongly advise our readers to be on their guard against this plausible and preaching humbug.

What's in a Name?

The Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, presided over by Lord Lambourne, states in its journal that the newspapers did not give the name of the constable who was dismissed from the Metropolitan Police Force for a breach of duty which amounted to gross corruption. The name of this constable was given in JOHN BULL, and we further asked why criminal proceedings were not taken in this case.

Potter the Pram Pusher.

A reader who answered an advertisement for a maternity nurse was astonished to receive a lithographed letter from F. Potter, of Bay House, Priory Plain, Great Yarmouth, offering her 20s. if she would find a purchaser for "a lovely new 20 guinea Super-Pram., never used," which he was willing to sacrifice for £8 10s., and suggesting that she might like to store it at her home and advertise it at his expense. Now we know where these wonderful "bargains" in the way of twenty guinea prams, for which so many people seem to have no use come from.

A Shy Sweepstake Secretary.

A reader who had purchased tickets in a Derby sweepstake apparently promoted by the Overstrand Conservative Club, Norfolk, was disappointed at not being able to find any public notification of the result of the draw, and wrote a polite letter to the Secretary asking for the information. His disappointment deepened into disgust when his letter was returned by the Post Office, it having been tendered for delivery by the postman but refused! Does the Secretary fear that reading the contents of his postbag might cause him to blush?

Lies from the Lowlands.

The schoolboy's description of the Netherlands as "a low, lying country," is borne out by the latest lottery lure to reach us. The First Netherlands Insurance Co., Ltd., is sending out circulars inviting participation in what at first sight appears to be the Netherlands State Lottery guaranteed by the Government, but closer perusal discloses that what is offered is duplicate numbers in a lottery of its own, which carries no guarantee whatever. Why do not the Home Office officials, who are so keen on suppressing sweepstakes, stop the circulation of this swindle?

Still in the Shade.

A number of readers who were induced to part with substantial sums of money for the purpose of exploiting an electric light appliance known as "Wheeler's Patent Shade Carrier," have asked us to trace the present whereabouts of H. Wheeler, formerly of Tachbrook Street, Victoria, London, S.W. We believe he may be found in Lexham Gardens, Amersham, Bucks, and as he takes little notice of civil proceedings for the recovery of the moneys handed to him, we suggest that his dupes should communicate with the Public Prosecutor with the view of preferring a charge of fraudulent misrepresentation.

Temptation for Teachers.

School teachers, we know, are not too well paid, and they should be protected against the insidious temptation of such concerns as The British Discount Co., Ltd., 66A, Major Street, Manchester, who address circulars to them at their schools, offering loans on "special easy terms to teachers of either sex, married or single," and undertake that any further communications will be sent in sealed envelopes to their private addresses. Knowing what we do of moneylenders, we would not envy the peace of mind of any poor man or woman in the scholastic profession who fell into their cunningly baited traps.

Longing for Luck

BAD luck seems to dog the footsteps of business firms as well as of private individuals, but when the bad luck of a firm is so chronic that its customers cannot get from it the goods they have ordered and paid for, it is well for the sake of others that the fact should be made known.

This appears to be the case with Adolph & Tunbridge, scientific instrument makers, about whose methods we have had something to say in consequence of complaints from our readers.

Orders sent to them at 12, Leverington Street, King's Square, London, E.C., accompanied by the money, brought an excuse of unforeseen delay of delivery owing to the very great difficulties in obtaining special tungsten steel.

This was not considered good enough by a reader of JOHN BULL, so he chased Mr. Adolph to his suburban home—2, Ellington Street, Barnsbury—being unable to find him at Leverington Street.

He was out. But when he came back he wrote a letter explaining his further ill-luck. Adolph, it would seem, is not British.

He says that his British partner, A. Tunbridge, has disappeared from the firm, taking with him all the available cash and correspondence.

He complained that the gentleman who called on him had used filthy and obscene language at the street door, an entirely untrue and gratuitous statement, and added that presumably his British partner, Tunbridge, had pocketed the cash and destroyed the correspondence.

"I am not a fraud," he said, "although I have had a good experience of frauds in this country."

Let us say he is a very unlucky man, and that his luck might change if he left the country so full of unhappy experiences for him—and for the people who have dealt with his firm. His bad luck continued to pursue him—and his customer.

His next step, according to himself, was to despatch the goods ordered. He says that he packed the goods himself, and that the parcel was posted by one of his apprentices.

Unfortunately it has never arrived. His bad luck follows him through the British Post Office, and his disappointed customer waits impatiently for the parcel that does not come.

We can tell Mr. Adolph how to change his luck. He has stated that his partner is a thie . Let him, if he believes his own story, on his way back from the Post Office call in at the Police Office and swear information and apply for a warrant.

If he does that we are not confident that his clamouring and disappointed customers will give him any repeat orders; but it will help them to think better of him, even if they do not welcome him to prolong his stay in a country where disaster dogs his footsteps with damnable iteration.

An Earl's Strange Conduct

THESE are democratic days, and high-handed action by any section of the community is apt to be resented. But the ways of the callous Earl and Countess of Aylesford are beyond all understanding.

WE do not think it is at all a good and patriotic thing to foment feelings that might be thought to approach the unlovely domain of class hatred. And, equally, we do not think that because people are in the peerage they should have licence to deal harshly with servants and to rely upon their proud position to save them from the inconvenience of being severely criticised.

The Countess of Aylesford, of Packington Hall, Coventry, is a lady whose style of correspondence with servants has become a classic of the way how not to do it kind.

She addresses them, not in the ordinary courteous phrase as Dear Mr. So-and-so, not even as Mr. So-and-so, but as plain Jones or whatever the name may be. That is the kind of thing to give to ex-soldiers and to teach them their place. "It's Tommy this and Tommy that, and Tommy stand aside. But it's the thin red line of 'eroes when the troopship's on the tide."

Lady Aylesford shows no particular susceptibility for the feelings of ex-soldiers.

Her view is that "There are so many absolutely useless men now, all the best having been killed off in the dreadful war," that she is very particular about the kind of men she will employ.

There are many reasons why one should regret the Great War. We leave to this astonishing countess the monopoly of regretting the slaughter of our gallant lads, which has made it so difficult to get butlers and gardeners of a quality sufficiently unimpeachable to justify the high honour of employment at Packington Hall.

There are, however, some serious disadvantages about employment with this countess of the exquisite courtesy. This has been found out by an ex-soldier named Joseph Mills.

He went into the employment of the Aylesfords, not so much on account of the wages they were willing to pay, which were certainly not attractive, but because his employment as a gamekeeper would give him a cottage to live in.

He was not, however, allowed to settle down, as he hoped, to a life job, and when the Aylesfords decided to part with his services he had also to part with his cottage.

He was turned into the street, and since then has had to defend himself in an action for the costs of the ejectment and rent. The total amount claimed from him was £17 5s. 2d., the claim being by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aylesford, gentleman, against Joseph Mills, bricklayer's labourer.

Mills counter-claimed for two weeks' wages at forty shillings a week, which was not, as we have said, an extravagant wage on which to support himself, his wife and child. The judge allowed the counterclaim, but otherwise found for the Earl and Countess.

The ex-gamekeeper and present bricklayer's labourer has now received notice that an order for his commitment for imprisonment will be put in force unless he pays.

The poor fellow cannot pay, and unless somebody can help him it looks as though he will have to go to jail in order to sustain the outraged dignity of Packington Hall.

It is distressing to think that there are people of high and proud position who can steel their hearts to the sufferings of those ex-soldiers who have come back to a land intended to be fit for heroes, but certainly a hard place for those who have to take service with people like the Aylesfords.

For two hundred years this family has been in the peerage of England, and one would think that having had the good fortune to be able to live in ease and dignity in a country protected by the blood and sufferings of the common people, it would have disdained to go to the extremity of putting an ex-soldier into jail on a claim of this kind.

But the Aylesfords stand on their legal rights.

The countess in particular will stand no nonsense from the servant class. She was sued at one time by her washerwoman for nearly eight pounds. She counter-claimed for five pounds, which she said was for damage done to her baronial linen by the humble woman of the wash-tub.

We are glad to think that in this callous treatment of those who have served them, the Aylesford family are certainly not typical of the great houses of this country.

People who can act as they have done are not likely to be moved by the protest of the Press.

Apparently they are entrenched behind barriers of self-importance, self-consideration, and, perhaps, self-worship that nothing will break down.

A king can make a belted knight, or for that matter an earl. But there does not seem to be any power on earth that will make people like the Aylesfords treat their servants with the kindness and consideration that most other people of similar station are not only delighted but proud to show to men who have served their country.

Merry Wiles of Windsor

FALSTAFF was an impudent and cynical humbug, though a very amusing one; and he played some of his pranks in the Great Park of Windsor.

His mantle has fallen upon a gentleman named Cecil McEwen, who is also an impudent and cynical humbug. And he has also paid the Royal burgh of Windsor the honour of making it the scene of one of his happiest exploits.

Cecil lives at 193, Wardour Street, London, W., and, we should suggest, lives pretty well. Whether he does or not we do not know, but we do know that he lives by his wits, which, as somebody has observed, is another way of saying that he lives by the lack of wits in others.

His method is simple. He writes to a number of people he does not know, telling them that he has a partner with a number of horses in training who is certainly going to win in certain races in the future.

Cecil, of course, could make a fortune by backing these horses himself. But the bookmakers are afraid of him because he backs things like Chosroes in the Manchester Cup at 20 to 1 and Dinkie in the Royal Hunt Cup at 50 to 1.

He, therefore, proposes to give his information to other people who are to back winners both for him and themselves.

As a preliminary canter, and to show what a good thing his partner would have at some future meeting, he selected Windsor Race-meeting as an opportunity to put money in the pockets of his unknown friends. They were to back a horse at Windsor which would certainly win and pay for a jolly good holiday at the seaside at the expense of the bookmaker. His clients were also to put a bit on for Cecil, in return for which he would tell them of the real good thing that was coming when his partner ran his own horses.

To an unknown gentleman he therefore sent for Windsor the tip to back Hurrybelle, which he said would win in a canter.

He also sent a similar circular, in the same words, only recommending a different horse, Stone Marten. Also a similar circular in the same words, recommending a different horse, Tresor, to another unknown client. He did not pretend that these horses were owned by his partner, but he did state that they would all win.

He knew he was lying—because all three horses were entered in the same race, and even a fool knows that only one horse can win one race.

Whichever horse wins, some mugs will send him a share of their winnings, and he has only got to send out to different people every horse in the race to be sure that he has got something for nothing. The man is obviously a rascal, his circulars a trick to get money.

He calls himself a sportsman. His conceptions of sport are those of a thieves' kitchen.

A Very Wary Bird

WHY will unemployed people invest money on the promise of employment without making proper enquiries as to the stability of the person offering the work? Here is the story of an ex-soldier who took his employer on trust:

A GOOD many people have exploited the British warrior since the Great War, and we have had the pleasure from time to time of exposing the activities of some, and occasionally have succeeded in getting others sent to jail.

If Mr. William James Bird, the General Manager of the British Warrior Tea Supply Company, knows any reason why he should not be included in our Rogues' Gallery, the sooner he publishes it the better.

He had an idea that he could make a fortune out of the tea trade by exploiting a special brand which he decided to call British Warrior tea. One does not, perhaps, consider the British warrior in the light of a persistent and exclusive drinker of tea, but Mr. Bird has perhaps a wider scope in his imagination than is vouchsafed to many other people.

His idea was that British Warrior Tea would go extremely well in the West Country, so he made Bristol his headquarters. The tea was blended to suit the peculiarities of the Western district waters.

Perhaps not regarding this as sufficient recommendation in itself, Mr. Bird urged people to buy it on the ground that the tea was so called because all salesmen employed by the company were genuine ex-British warriors.

We do not exactly know what is meant by ex-British. But that is not the point.

We want to explain Mr. Bird's idea of showing his regard for ex-soldiers, a regard on which he bases his claim to get the public to trade with him.

He advertised that he wanted an ex-soldier or an ex-sailor to act as general supervisor for Plymouth and Cornwall, and Mr. Edwin Northcott, of 25a, Barrack Street, Devonport, and now of Dunsley, Linkinhorne, Callington, Cornwall, who had just come out of the Navy, replied to it.

He was told that if he invested £250 as security he would get the position with a weekly wage of £4 10s. plus 1¼ per cent. on all sales in Cornwall.

We have repeatedly warned ex-soldiers and others against the folly of investing money on the promise of employment without making proper enquiries as to the reputation and stability of the person offering the employment.

We could fill pages of this journal with tragic stories of broken homes and ruined lives which have been the penalty paid for such carelessness, and we are telling this story in the hope of saving others.

Mr. Northcott did not pay the full £250, but he paid two instalments of £50, and in return received an agreement and was told that he would be on salary as soon as his district was being worked.

The ex-sailor was most anxious to work the district, but with the best will in the world you cannot sell tea, whether it is British Warrior Tea or any other kind of tea, if you have not got it, and he could not get it.

Mr. Bird retained the £100, but he came down to Plymouth and selected a nice office, and then went back to Bristol.

But he did not send on any supplies of tea. He has never sent them on, and he has not returned the money which his only right to hold was as security. There is no other way to put it than to say that he has stolen this money.

The ex-sailor wrote to us about the matter after the event. We regret very much that he did not write before it, a hint which we give to all ex-Service men who are considering offers of employment. We took the matter up and wrote to Mr. Bird at his address, 69, Redcliffe Street, Bristol, and the letter was returned by the Post Office marked "Gone away." In other words the Bird had flown.

We are afraid it is pretty hopeless for Mr. Northcott to try to get his money out of this elusive rascal, and we are afraid that we cannot help him, except by suggesting that he should put his case before Scotland Yard.

But we have given publicity to this case because we suspect that Mr. Bird may be working the same game elsewhere, and the victims he wants are exactly the kind of men we regard it as a public duty to protect.

In his advertisements Bird stressed the fact that his employees must have served in the late war and married men were to get a preference. This is the kind of talk that might lead the unwary to think that he was a kind-hearted fellow as well as a patriotic Briton. He has shown himself a humbug.

He is searching for married men because he knows that most of them have got homes and can, if required, borrow a little money which it is his ambition to take from them.

There are many organisations in this country which aim at doing good to the ex-Service men. We ask if there is none of them that will take up a case like this and do what is possible to trace this blood-sucker and to put him where he ought to be, as an example and a warning. The lot of the ex-soldier seeking employment is hard enough; it is infamous that he should be exploited by canting hypocrites of this kind.

The Crime of Being Kind

ZEAL in a policeman is a very good quality. But when it is overdone it is time a protest was made.

A man named Henry Lister, a miner, of 99, North Street, Leven, Fifeshire, went into the Windsor Bar in Leven and ordered and drank a glass of beer. Two gentlemen approached him and asked if he could recommend them to lodgings anywhere in the neighbourhood. In a friendly way he gave them the best advice he could.

The gentlemen had a drink in the Windsor Bar and then asked the miner, whom they saw reading a sporting paper, if he knew anyone who would take a bet for them of a small sum. They wanted to put a shilling or two on a horse.

The affable gentlemen discussed racing, and the miner gave his view of what he thought would win and said he was going to back his own fancy and was, as a matter of fact, just going down the street to telephone his own bet to his own bookmaker.

They pressed him very much to get their bets put on for them, as they were strangers in the district and the bets only small, two shillings each. Finally he consented, wrote the bets on a slip of paper, took the money, and said he would arrange for the winnings if any, to be handed to them by Mrs. Macgregor or Mr. Macgregor, the owners of the Windsor Bar, who were friends of his.

At this point the two gentlemen revealed their identity. They were police officers!

The result was that charges were brought against the miner for using the Windsor Bar for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto, and the landlords were charged with allowing their premises to be so used.

We say that these are most unfair tactics, that it is a scandal that police officers should be sent disguised into public-houses and restaurants to lay traps for unwary customers, and to *tempt* them into committing offences against the law.

The business of the police is to prevent crime, not to encourage and create it. It is nonsense to say that a man, who obliges two disguised constables by taking a bet they urgently press him to take, is coming to the bar for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto. In this case the man came in to have a drink and was caught in a trap deliberately laid by constables who concealed their identity.

We are glad to say that Sheriff Dudley Stuart was of our view. He declined to find that this miner, whose kindness had led him into a trap that ought never have been laid, was resorting to the Windsor Bar on that day for the purpose of betting.

Of course he was not. The only persons resorting there for that purpose were the two constables. There is, however, no law to deal with them or with their superior officer who ordered them to do this thing, except the law of public opinion.

Thirty Years of Sponging

IN this country we are glad to think that when a case of unmerited hardship is brought to the attention of the public there are always some kind-hearted and generous people willing to show their sympathy in practical form, and to do the gracious thing in helping the lame dog over the stile.

One is glad to put this on record, and to acknowledge it. Things like this make one think better of human nature. But when this kindness and generosity are deliberately exploited by the Great Fraternity of the Sponging Brethren, there is no reason why an indignation should not find adequate expression.

There is a gentleman called the Rev. F. G. Rackham, of the Chapel House, Wortwell, Harleston, who might, we think, put forward a claim to be appointed as Chaplain of the Sponging Brethren. He would certainly find himself at home amongst them.

He is filling in his spare time just now writing pathetic letters asking for financial assistance on account of the domestic calamities that have overtaken him.

Misfortune may overtake any man, and it would be a harsh, rough world if we all turned our backs on one who was in trouble.

But we are chary of showing any sympathy to the Rev. Rackham in spite of the distressing stories he tells, of the distress in which he finds himself owing to the death of a brother, and owing to the cost of operations in the family.

But the Rev. Mr. Rackham has, we find, been appealing to the public for financial assistance on the ground of domestic calamities for practically thirty years.

A generation ago the story was that his wife was suffering with bleeding in the head which persisted for many years. Another ground for appealing for money was that he himself couldn't lie down.

Then ill-health overtook his daughter, who apparently used to occupy herself writing artless letters, cadging for money for her father's chapel. In short, Rackham has been, for thirty years, one of the most persistent begging letter-writers in the whole range of whining mendicants.

He is a minister of no known denomination, but he exploits the respect in which the Church is held in this country for his own advantage. His letters are full of unctuous phrases promising the blessing of God on God's Children, that is to say on the people who are foolish enough to send him money. He suggests that these people must help him, though he omits to mention how persistently he has been helped for nearly a third of a century.

The clergy of this country are grossly underpaid, and, in many cases, suffer cruelly. They bear their sufferings in dignified silence. The circumstance gives a special opportunity to people like Rackham, and his record for thirty years shows how perseveringly he has seized it.

Turn Again Taverner!

MR. WILLIAM TAVERNER, the smug and canting hypocrite who mixes piety with investment broking, has been somewhat scathingly criticised in this journal in connection with the wild cat schemes, Quarterly Dividends Limited, and the National House Purchase, Limited.

We do not know whether our criticism has done him any good. We are satisfied, however, that it has prevented a number of people from putting their savings into the care of Mr. Taverner. In some cases we were too late, but we gather that many people who had already invested their money have now written to get it back.

They get strange letters from Mr. Taverner denouncing JOHN BULL, which he calls a dirty vile paper, and he adds that people who believe such nonsense are fools. This ornament of the Church makes such charitable charges as illegitimacy against people who criticise him. We would not waste any time or space upon him if it were not a duty to the public to guard them against such a shark.

We, therefore, repeat that this man has already been in jail for fraud, a statement which obviously we would not dare make if it were untrue.

The law of libel expressly exists to punish people who make false charges in public journals. Complaints are still reaching us, and we once again warn the public to leave this man alone.

He is a fraud who preys upon the religious community, and appears to be satisfied that there are enough old women of both sexes to keep him in comfort. We cannot do more than warn all our readers against his canting campaign. His reference to this journal we treat with contempt.

Back from Death

AWAY in the frozen seas around the Poles men have struggled and endured for the glory of Britain. We honour the names that are known. Here is the story of a forgotten broken hero.

IN the West End of London, in the heart of clubland, there is a noble statue of Captain Scott, the heroic Polar explorer. A movement is on foot to erect a statue to Sir Ernest Shackleton. It is altogether right and fitting that these dead explorers should be honoured.

It is better, said the cynic, to be a live dog than a dead lion. With a gesture of deference to the dead lions let us consider the case of one of the live dogs.

In a poor district of West Gorton, Manchester—at 26, Alfred Street—a man named Harold Shaw is at present living, with occasional assistance in the way of relief from the local guardians and donations from the charitable funds of the local police force, of which he was once, for a short time, a member.

Harold Shaw is a survivor of the crew of the depot ship *Aurora*, which was sent to the aid of the Shackleton Expedition.

He does not expect a statue. He does not even seek a bouquet. But his health has been broken by his terrible sufferings, and he does not want to end his days begging his bread. He would rather have died out there in the great lone lands amidst the ice-floes.

He went out to the aid of Shackleton in his first expedition, bringing to him succour and support in the darkness of the frozen South. Shackleton is dead. He cannot offer succour to the poor devil in Manchester who braved everything for him.

When his ship reached New Zealand on its return after eighteen months' imprisonment in the ice-floes, poor Shaw was a physical and mental wreck. He was put ashore and placed in bed in a mental hospital.

The suffering Shaw underwent might have broken down the strongest. He was a gallant fellow, who gave up the tame life of a policeman in Manchester to go abroad where, after many adventures, he joined the depot ship.

Shaw was selected because of his physique and general fitness. Accident after accident dogged the voyage of the *Aurora*. She became fastened in the jaws of the moving ice. There she was penned for many months in the ice-pack, where the night lasts for five months.

On one occasion, in a gale, Shaw was caught in the ice. He was rescued, when he had resigned himself to death, by comrades who dug him out with crowbars, picks, shovels, and sledge-hammers. They tried to send wireless signals to New Zealand for help, but no reply came and the mast broke off through the pressure of the ice, and the wireless installation went out of gear.

Cracks appeared in the side of the imprisoned vessel and the order was given to abandon the ship and find a camping-place in the ice. After three days of terrible exertions, the ice broke in front of the cortège. The sledges went down, and several of the crew went down with them and were never seen again.

The survivors made their way back to the ship and tried to patch it up. The food-supply ran low. The crew supplemented it by stalking seals and penguins. The fuel ran out and for six months the survivors had to subsist as best they could on raw seal meat. The worst hardship was the knowledge that they had failed in their purpose to connect with Shackleton. This was even worse than the hardships which were steadily wearing them down. They never believed that they would get back to their homes. There seemed no alternative but to leave their bones amongst the ice, and their only consolation was that their memory would be honoured by a grateful country, which would be proud of their heroism and inspired by their resolute endurance and splendid self-sacrifice.

At last, when hope seemed only a cruel dupe, relief came. The *Tay* ship had arrived. One of the S.O.S. wireless messages had been received and help immediately sent. The men sang with joy. It was weeks before the *Aurora* could be dug out of the ice and brought alongside the *Tay* ship. But the gaunt skeletons worked with renewed courage, for they had hope now that they would get back to Britain.

Ultimately Shaw did get back He is without means, without work, and broken in health.

His friends in the Manchester police force are very kind to him.

Let us use a few of his own words. "We have all heard the story of the men who fought against Nature's defence to conquer territory unknown to man, but they have been told by the men who have engineered these enterprises. Surely the story of the bottom dog is worthy of telling?"

We have regarded it as a duty to tell Shaw's story. The Admiralty will do nothing, for some wretched red-tape reason. The people of Britain are greater than the Admiralty. We believe that now we have told them the facts they will demand that justice will be done for this man who risked everything for the sake of others and the honour and glory of the Empire.

A Trail of Ruin

THE audacity of some people is amazing. And Mr. J. S. Nunn, who is notorious in the history of housing ramps, is not lacking in this quality. Audacity seems to be his chief asset in life.

This rascal has brought about the ruin of many. He has done it by pretending to find homes for the homeless, to build them as no one else could; and waht he has succeeded in doing in many cases is to lose most of the money that has reached him for the purpose of home-building.

He has victims all over the country. In Bexhill there are many people who wish they had never heard of him, or seen his alluring literature, with drawings and pictures of handsome bungalows and fine country residences. They have paid him large sums of money, for which he has given them very little in return.

The stories of some of his victims are pitiful. Most of the facts we have traced in respect to his part, in which he has staggered from one financial ramp to another, are such as make us wonder why Nunn has not been made to answer for himself long ago.

Lately he has been gracing an office in Shaftesbury Avenue with his presence, and his intention is, as of old, to go on forming and dabbling with new companies which are as certain, as his career has been disastrous, to fail with losses for others.

One of his victims came to us the other day almost weeping. It was the old story—money invested through Nunn's palpable misrepresentation, with disillusionment setting in rapidly after the money had been handed over to him.

Nunn has for years been fooling the public and playing with thousands and thousands of its money. Yet nothing is done for his victims, or to prevent him from carrying on his merry but ruinous games. He must sit in his New Malden residence and smile at the inactivity of the authorities.

The Wembley Freak

WE desire to ask the authorities at Wembley if they can do anything for some unhappy people who have suffered because of the breakdown of some of the arrangements in connection with the Exhibition.

It appears that a foreigner was concerned in some proposals to arrange for some quaint exhibition of "Illusions and Freaks" in Amusement Park.

We do not know the nature of these "Illusions and Freaks," whether they were to be two-headed calves, or that familiar friend of the freak exhibitor, the bearded lady.

Perhaps the British Empire had run out of a supply of this sort of stock-in-trade, and for that reason negotiations were entered upon with the foreigner we refer to, a Dane named Larsen. In any case, the negotiations broke down, and Larsen and the English partner associated with him did not go on with their show. The site is now occupied by some other form of entertainment.

But several people were employed on the carpentry and similar work for the stand, and they complain that they cannot get money due for wages. The Wembley Amusements, Limited, suggest that Mr. Larsen has left the country, and perhaps the Danish Consulate can give some information in the matter.

It may be that Wembley Amusements, Limited, are not under any legal obligation to pay these arrears of wages, but we ask them if they cannot make an ex-grace payment to at least one of these people whose circumstances are very distressing.

He is a man named Jacobson, and he is starving. He and his family are faced with the painful prospect of being turned into the street without money or friends. He has already trudged out to Wembley several times, but without success.

We are sure that Sir Malcolm McAlpine, Director of Wembley Amusements, Limited, will, on learning the circumstances, look fully into this matter, and do the right thing.

PLAIN WORDS TO LYONS

THOUSANDS of poor and lonely girls, waitresses in the large tea-shops throughout the country, have to keep themselves on a starvation salary and doubtful tips. What chance have they of living honestly and decently if wages in the labour market are fixed on the supposition that they are only meant to provide pocket money for girls maintained by somebody else's wages?

Mr. A. M. Thompson, the well-known writer on Labour and Social topics.

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

THE public conscience has been rudely shocked by the discovery that at the Exhibition which was designed to blazon forth to the world the glories of the British Empire, the waitresses employed by our biggest firm of caterers are paid at the rate of 15s. per week!

As the firm in question made a profit last year of £665,377 and declared a dividend of 25 per cent., people not unnaturally feel that wages in closer accord with the standard of life upon which modern ideas of civilisation are based would have been more likely to bring that glow of pride upon the cheek of patriotism which the Empire Exhibition was intended to produce.

FIFTEEN shillings a week! How can any girl feed, clothe and lodge herself in the London of to-day upon that wage? The underlying assumption by which the wage is presumably justified is, of course, that the girls are not wholly dependent upon it for their livelihood.

But what right has any employer to erect his commercial structure on the assumption that a father or a husband—or heaven knows who—will help to pay for services rendered for the exclusive profit of *his* business? Or what right has he to expect the public to augment basic wages in the form of tips?

Thousands of poor and lonely girls and women have to keep themselves on what they can earn. Many have children or aged relatives to support.

What chance have they of living honestly, decently and with self-respect if wages in the labour market are fixed on the supposition that they are only meant to provide pocket money for girls maintained by somebody else's wages?

THIS question extends far beyond Wembley. It applies to all Lyons' restaurants and teashops. The waitresses' normal wages there are 25s. from which is deducted 2s. 6d. a week for uniform and cap, 1s. 11d. for laundry, 1s. 6d. for dinners, and all losses incurred through breakages or fraudulent customers.

It applies to tearooms in drapers' shops where waitresses are only paid 12s. 6d. per week. It applies to other big firms of caterers where wages range from 8s. to 20s.

One woman who was employed at 10s. a week was told she would make it up in rich profusion of tips, but found after a month that these only averaged 1s. a day, making her total earning 16s.; and that poor wretch had an unemployed husband and three children to keep!

Another caterer, noted for his piety and his fine faith in the Bible as the secret of Britain's greatness, pays girls of eighteen for working from 7 a.m. to 7.15 p.m. a wage of 18s. a week. The Workers' Union which is trying hard to organise these helpless drudges for the improvement of their conditions has letters from waitresses earning only 4s. 6d. a week!

A big firm of stationers pays girls as little as 16s. Even the men in badly organised trades, such as drapery, boots, greengrocery, meat and catering, suffer from the fact that the fair deal can only be secured by the compulsion of united strength.

There are restaurants in the West End of London where the waiters have to pay 6d. to the proprietor for every customer they serve. A waiter from Lyons' Popular Café, who was paid on commission, has shown us his last pay-sheet, which was enclosed in an envelope bearing the inscription "Open carefully." Inside was a statement showing that his week's commission at 2½ per cent. on his takings amounted to 19s. 6d.

Mr. C. W. Gibson, the Workers' Union, who is keeping an eye on working conditions in the catering trade.

From this was deducted 18s. 8d. for loss on a customer who had bilked his bill, and 1s. 2d. for insurance, leaving the man, after 50 hours' work, in debt to the firm to the amount of fourpence!

THE Trade Boards Act, which has fixed minimum rates of wages in a number of "sweated" industries where women were underpaid, overworked and ill-treated, clearly ought to be extended to all these inefficiently organised occupations, and especially to those where women enter into competition with men.

This boon was promised to the Shop Assistants' Union four years ago, when Sir Montague Barlow was Minister of Labour; but though the Union drew up a comprehensive scheme, working out details for every section, nothing has yet been done by the Government. The limelight of Wembley will not have flashed in vain if its illumination attracts the attention of Mr. Tom Shaw to this urgent need.

Incidentally, the question of women's wages, so conspicuously raised at the Empire Exhibition, leads us on to the consideration of a very much larger issue. It is an axiom of political economy that the payment for men's labour is always lowest in those trades where it enters into competition with women's work.

In other words, if an employer can get from women or girls, at a markedly lower wage, the same quality of work as from men, the latter are either discharged or their rate of pay declines.

THE result is this monstrous absurdity, that women and girls who ought to be attending to their homes and rearing the younger children to useful citizenship are doing the work of the head of the family, while he is driven to loaf at the street corner on unemployment pay at the expense of the tax-payers!

Could a nation of congenital imbeciles devise a vicious circle more wasteful of national resources? The strength and skill of the men are rotting in idleness. The homes are neglected. The babies are robbed of their right and of a mother's love and care.

The women's capacity of sturdy motherhood is impaired by labour for which they are in many cases physiologically unfit. And the national industry and commerce are handicapped in competition with foreign rivals by the cost of maintaining a million wasted artisans!

THINK of it! Ponder it! Just realise what this means. The primary racial value of women lies in motherhood. The maintenance of women's capacity for producing lusty babies is of infinitely greater importance to the nation than their utmost potentialities of commercial or industrial service.

The woman who has borne and reared three or four efficient citizens has been infinitely more useful to the country than one who has spent the best part of her life and energies in increasing our stocks of chains or chemicals.

Recognition of this elemental fact should be the basis of our industrial and social laws. Young girls employed in the heavy trades become subject to spinal curvature and internal deformities. They are often anæmic and stunted. Married women who have had children are even more liable to local injuries. The wages paid to girls and women for most kinds of arduous toil represent a ruinous credit drawn from the vigour and usefulness of the next generation.

WHAT is the remedy? I am not arguing that women should be turned out of their jobs to make room for men. Many of them are widows with children to keep, and we cannot fill ravenous young bellies, repair the ruthless waste of youngsters' clothes and boots, nor hinder the landlord from calling for the rent on Monday, by stopping mother's wages. The most sternly logical of economists must pause before consigning more pinched and ragged children to the larder of city dust-bins.

Nor am I suggesting that the door of economic independence should be closed to girls who are unable to find congenial partners, or who are constitutionally disinclined for their natural business of wifehood and motherhood. Industrial overstrain is at the worst no worse than their compulsion to a hateful marriage or to the other form of soul and body barter.

MY purpose here is to suggest to the Labour Government that, having succeeded in giving legal sanction to the principle of "Work or Maintenance," they should now seek means to bend its beneficence to the endowment of wifehood and motherhood as a check to the wastage of men's strength and skill through the undercutting competition of their wives and daughters.

If there are not enough jobs for everybody, let the work go to the men, and let them be paid enough to keep their wives and children. That would be cheaper to the nation than the burden of the "dole." It would stimulate trade by reducing taxes and by increasing the people's purchasing power, and it would restore women to the job which they can do better than any man, that of looking after the home and the kiddies.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P.,
Minister for Agriculture.

SIR,—You are too easily satisfied with the reports of your inspectors who visited the Paris abattoirs to investigate the alleged horrors in connection with the export of worn-out horses. Official visitors are prone to see what they are allowed to see. The facts as reported by unofficial eye-witnesses are terrible, and I am satisfied that the whole business is an unsavoury scandal. Put an export tax on live horses, then these miserable wrecks will not be a profitable business for unscrupulous dealers who at present make profit out of their agony. JOHN BULL.

To LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY LORD,—I welcome your recent judgment reaffirming the freedom of the Press. Unfortunately it is true that certain newspapers have allowed this liberty to degenerate into licence; nevertheless, as you justly argue, it is possible to curb these excesses without curtailing the undoubted right of a free Press to comment fairly upon matters of public interest. This freedom is more than a newspaper privilege. It belongs as of right to a democratic people.

JOHN BULL.

To T. W. FRY, Esq., O.B.E.,
Tower Bridge Police Court, London, S.W.

SIR,—My thanks are due to you for showing a much-needed example to other magistrates in dealing with cases of cruelty to animals. When James Ferris, of Willow Street, Bermondsey, was shown to have beaten a dog's body to a jelly, you offered him no option of a fine, but sent him to prison for twenty-one days with hard labour. I wish such stern justice were more commonly meted out to merciless torturers of our dumb friends. I know of one dog—my own—who would lick your hand in gratitude.

JOHN BULL.

To GENERAL SMUTS,
Ex-Prime Minister of South Africa.

DEAR GENERAL,—Although for the time being you have forfeited the confidence of your countrymen on domestic issues, it would be ungracious not to recall your splendid efforts in the cause of European peace. You came to us at a critical moment and held aloft ideals of freedom and brotherhood which had almost perished in the war's red ruin. But for your tireless advocacy there might have been no League of Nations and no hope for the world. When all else is forgotten this shall be remembered.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD ILKESTON,
Stipendiary Magistrate, Birmingham.

MY LORD,—When John James Smallwood and Frederick Brown, two disabled ex-soldiers, were summoned before you for "unlawfully playing a noisy instrument, to wit, a street organ," Brown, who has only one arm, and has had a hard struggle to support his wife and four children, asked: "What can we do? We pushed the piano to Worcester, twenty-six miles, and only got 3s. all day!" All the answer you gave him, so far as I can discover, was to fine both men 40s. or twenty-one days. I don't know how you expect them to pay the fines without starving their families. Do you think this is the right way to treat Mons heroes? JOHN BULL.

To ALFRED SALMON, Esq.,
Chairman, J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

SIR,—Your defence to the charges levelled against your company in respect of waitresses' wages strikes me as a poor effort. Contrary to your general professions you now espouse the hateful "tipping" system and fall back upon the generosity of the public as an excuse for niggardly wages. If you expect the public to be put off with this sort of thing you have made a big mistake. I see your profits last year were £665,377. So you can't plead poverty.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—Now that the storm provoked by your remarks in the O'Dwyer case has blown over, I would respectfully suggest that for the future you should confine your judicial observations to the matters in issue before you. It is a disconcerting habit of yours to indulge in flights of wit and wisdom upon topics which, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring," have "nothing to do with the case." As a judge, you have great qualities. Stick to the law.

JOHN BULL.

To PRINCIPAL SELBIE,
Mansfield College, Oxford.

REV. SIR,—I am a little surprised to find you worshipping at the unhonoured shrine of Mr. Wackford Squeers. You deplore the fact that the birch and the cane are fast disappearing from the popular schools, declaring that when you were young you "used to have things thrashed into you." I should be much interested to know which of your undoubted talents was most stimulated by this Spartan treatment. For my own part I am of opinion that corporal punishment should be reserved for grave moral offences.

JOHN BULL.

To the LORD CHANCELLOR,
House of Lords.

MY LORD,—The fact that the Russell case cost £30,000 leads to disquieting reflections. Clearly no poor man has a chance of getting judicial errors rectified when wealth is the first essential to carrying his case forward. Justice must not depend on a man's ability to pay, and I trust you will consider ways and means of cheapening its administration. JOHN BULL.

To E. W. JOHNSON, Esq.,
Chairman, Bury Board of Guardians.

SIR,—Through the duty of handing over corpses at the mortuary at Bury Workhouse having for years past been relegated to an inmate of the Institution, instead of being attended to by a responsible official, the wrong corpse was recently given to an undertaker. That an incident so distressing to mourners should be possible is a disgraceful thing, and I look to you to see that the neglectful officials responsible are duly punished. It is no use locking the mortuary door after the corpse has disappeared. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD STEVENSON,
British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

MY LORD,—I am informed on unimpeachable authority that a German ship which recently docked at Manchester contained, amongst the cargo, large quantities of gilt medallions made in Germany to commemorate the British Empire Exhibition. I am well aware that some of the exhibitors at Wembley are not very distinguished by their British patriotism, but I look to you to see that no one offers a Briton the insult of tendering him such a memento. Let us love our ex-enemies—at least with discretion.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE ROCHE,
Liverpool Assizes.

MY LORD,—I am glad to see that you believe in the wholesome force of publicity in cases where men are found guilty of indecent assaults upon little girls. It is a scandal that men found guilty of such atrocious conduct should be described as having committed an offence "under the Black List." Have their names read out in public, and, if you ask the Press not to mention the names of the innocent victims, your request will be honoured. But the blackguards should not escape because the victim naturally shrinks from publicity. JOHN BULL.

STANLEY: "You've been bowled several times. Why don't you leave the wicket?"
RAMSAY: "But those were only practice balls!"

Without Fear or Favour

GREAT FOOD POISON SCANDAL

Life's Twilight

A WORKER in the prime of life is haunted with a foreboding fear. He dreads the twilight of life when, unable to work, he must still manage to live. This ever-present anxiety gnaws at his heartstrings, unnerves the spirit of enterprise.

A remedy for these ills of anticipation must be found, and it is to be found in an all-embracing scheme of insurance. By this we do not mean an extension of State charity.

What we have in mind is an Industrial Superannuation Scheme to which every worker and every employer should make a just contribution, and from which the citizen past work should draw an adequate pension, not as a favour but as a right. Actuaries declare that such a plan is entirely feasible. It need involve no heavy charge upon public funds.

It would be an incentive to thrift. The Old Age Pensions law, as administered hitherto, has the opposite effect. The careful workman who saves a few pounds in the Post Office or through the medium of his Friendly Society finds his pension docked for his pains. This is an entirely wrong principle. The Industrial Superannuation Scheme would offer a new vista of hope to the workers.

After all, the working man invests in industry all he possesses, the labour of a lifetime. The least the nation should do is to make it easy for him to ensure that the eventide of life shall be spent in restful security.

Waiting for a Rise

THERE is gradually dawning the consciousness that the policy of depressing wages is an economic fallacy. Low wages mean low purchasing power, and the result is lessened production and unemployment.

The other side of the picture—the fatal "ca-canny" policy of the workers engendered by economic insecurity and a well-founded fear of their standard of living being reduced—is equally fallacious.

The example of America, even in her abnormal conditions, is instructive. For years there was a steady depression of wages. Production fell off, with reduced purchasing power of the nation. Then American employers reversed the engines. They forced up wages. The home consumer, earning more, purchased more. American industries are now working at top speed. Incidentally production costs have fallen.

When British employers come to see that high wages are an essential to prosperity, and British workmen, freed from economic insecurity, give a fair return for these wages, British trade will revive in earnest.

Killing Off the Population!

WE are still waiting for the Government Committee's report on food adulteration; but we have information in our possession that its publication will bear out our indictment of the poisoners.

WE mean to give no quarter to the food-poisoners. The Committee of Enquiry on Food Adulteration appointed by the late Government and approved by the present Minister of Health, has not yet reported. It appears to have gone to sleep over its job.

Only the whiplash of public opinion will stimulate it into proper activity. There is not a more vital subject in the whole range of public affairs. It is all very well for Ministers to dream of a Socialist Utopia; but their first task is to make Great Britain safe for men, women, and children to live in.

The latest news is that Mr. Wheatley has extended the terms of reference of the Committee of Enquiry to include the question of treating flour with chemicals. A very proper subject for investigation; but we may be permitted to wonder why so obvious a matter was excluded from the original terms.

The important thing, however, is to insist that this enlargement of the terms of reference shall not be made an excuse for further delay. We must have an interim report at once. The Committee has more than enough facts in its possession to frame such a report as will shock the Health Ministry out of its wicked apathy on this question.

WE have first-hand information as to what has transpired before the Committee of Enquiry. As soon as its Report sees the light the following conclusions will clearly emerge:

In recent years there has been an alarming increase in the use of chemical preservatives. The use of preservatives now extends to almost every article of food—to milk, eggs, butter, cake, meat, sweetstuffs, beverages, and flour.

In many cases the preservatives employed are liable to chemical changes generating active poisons.

There is abundant evidence that unscrupulous traders make a practice of treating unwholesome food with these chemical preservatives as a cloak for putrefaction. As a result wholesome food in contact with these "preserved" goods may easily be contaminated and tainted with active poisons.

Publication must be followed by an amendment of the Food and Drugs Act. The risks to life and health are appalling. In too many cases these dangerous preservatives are employed without skilled direction, and they may easily be present in such strength as to contaminate not only the food in which they are contained, but other eatables stored in the same larder.

Moreover, there is the danger that under the influence of heat or long storage the chemicals employed may become actively poisonous. At the best there is a highly uncertain and variable time limit to the action of "preservatives."

NATURALLY, it is the less reputable firms that make the most reckless use of chemical preservatives. Despite the feeble state of the law, many food purveyors have a clean and honourable record. Unfortunately, however, it is with the less scrupulous traders that, through the pressure of poverty, millions of our population have to deal. They are suffering.

Periodical reports from Medical Officers of Health show only too clearly that ailments due to malnutrition and improper feeding, rickets and gastric troubles among children, dyspepsia and intestinal disorders among adults are heavily increasing. Doctors unanimously point to food adulteration as the chief exciting cause. Let us have the Committee's Report so that we may know which preservatives, if any, are harmless, and which are poisons whose employment is a crime.

A Game of Bluff

THE housing question, which cries for solution, is being treated as a mere shuttlecock in the Party game. In private, Labour members of Parliament make no secret of the fact that Mr. Wheatley's Bill has been drafted with an eye to Party advantage.

It contains clauses so extravagant and revolutionary that both Liberals and Conservatives, if true to their principles, must of necessity vote against them. A large and influential section of the Labour Party would welcome the rejection of the Housing Bill, so that they might then go to the country pointing out the hopelessness of expecting Labour to govern without a clear majority over all other Parties in the House of Commons.

Nor are the other Parties free from unpatriotic self-interest. It is not good enough. It is a shame and a scandal that the urgent business of housing should be held up for months on end merely to enable the politicians to scrape Party advantage from the nation's necessities.

It is the duty of the Government to press forward their Bill on bold and generous lines, but at the same time to use common-sense and be ready on occasion to sacrifice Socialist theory to practical advantage.

Already the best part of the building season has been lost. As a compensation for this delay the House of Commons must be kept sitting till a sensible measure of housing is the law of the land. The wreckers will meet with short shrift at the polls.

Sack Mr. Bumble!

OUR Poor Law system is no more popular to-day than it was when Charles Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist." One reason for this unchanging hatred, we fear, is that Bumble is still very much alive.

Poor Law officials tend to become so hardened that in too many cases they are totally incapable of sympathy. They have lost "the art of being kind." Many poor people would much rather go to prison than to the workhouse.

Poverty, it is said, is no disgrace; it is the vice of the workhouse system that it treats misfortune as a crime. Among the poor, for whose benefit the Poor Law exists, to be in receipt of "parish relief" carries a stigma of disgrace. Yet without any shame whatever people accept State aid in sickness and in unemployment.

There is no reason why State aid in poverty should be on a different footing. The bad old Poor Law tradition must be broken. The "sack" is the only testimonial Mr. Bumble has earned.

There's Life in the Old Dog Yet

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE is hope in Europe at last. Under the influence of M. Poincaré we have pursued the vain shadows of revenge when the only thing we all wanted was Trade. But with the coming of M. Herriot and his policy the dark clouds are being banished.

M. Herriot, Premier of France, whose policy will do much to put battered Europe on her feet again.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me for my advice. He is an engineer engaged in the shipbuilding industry, who has been out of work for a year past, and who sees no prospect of being employed in the future. He is unmarried, but has dependents, dislikes living upon the dole, feels that he is deteriorating under enforced idleness. What he wants to know is whether I think this country is played out, whether the present conditions are not passing but permanent, and whether, in short, he should take the plunge and emigrate.

I cannot venture to advise him on the personal question. I have not enough knowledge of his case to take that responsibility; but on the general question he raises, a few words may be useful.

If you took its pulse in London in these high days of summer you would say that the country was in the pink of condition. I never remember, even before the war, more evidences of an abounding prosperity.

AND yet side by side with this enormous efflorescence of plenty and extravagance, there is much in our situation for alarm. Behind the facade of splendour which is presented to us in the picture papers, there is the enormous expanse of the common life which is far from flourishing. Unemployment is still widespread, trade shows little signs of recovery, the cost of living grows more oppressive and the struggles of the poor more severe. It is not in London in the season that one can take the pulse of things accurately.

It is in the places where the wealth is made—in Lancashire, on Tyneside, Teeside, and Clydeside, in South Wales and the Black Country—that we have to take the temperature if we want to know whether our condition is good or bad.

The black cloud of depression which has hung over industrial England since the war is not dispersed, and all the great staple trades on which our prosperity has rested in the past, coal, iron, steel, cotton, shipbuilding, are stagnant.

THE question my correspondent raises is whether that stagnation is a temporary or a permanent condition. There are some observers who take the darker view—with some justification.

The breakdown of world trade during the years of the war led many countries which had relied on us for the supply of certain commodities to find substitutes from other sources or to provide them for themselves. American coal went to the Argentine instead of South Wales coal; Japan picked up a good deal of our cotton trade in the East, and so on. India, as an example, became more self-supporting. In the years before the war Lancashire exported to India 2,563 million yards of cotton cloth annually. Now it sends little more than half that amount. India, in the meantime, has increased her own production of cotton cloth from 1,105 million yards to 1,725 million yards. She is importing three times as much textile machinery as she did ten years ago, and the more machinery she imports the less cotton goods she imports, and the smaller becomes her trade with Lancashire.

Then there is the enormous development in the use of oil. The basis of our industrial position has been our coal resources. Those resources not only gave us cheap power for our manufactures, they provided a valuable raw material for export all over the world. They gave us, in addition, a great pull in regard to the carrying trade of the world. Our ships were assured of the double cargo—coal out-going voyage, corn, cotton, timber and what-not on the incoming voyage. This meant cheap transit and the command of the carrying trade. The substitution of oil for coal hits us hard, for while we are rich in coal we have no oil. It not only robs us of a valuable trade, but it makes the commodities we import dearer to the extent to which the ships go out with empty bunkers in order to bring back the raw materials we need.

THESE are serious factors, but I do not think they should make us despair. The dominating cause of our bad trade is a removable cause. It is the breakdown of Europe under the war and the peace. Cure that and I believe that our recovery will be sensational. We have spent five precious years in preventing the cure. Under the influence of M. Poincaré we have pursued the vain shadows of revenge and reparations when the only thing we all wanted was Trade and more Trade.

What is the result? The United States is choked with the world's gold, but its farmers are going into bankruptcy because the starving nations abroad cannot buy their corn. This country is, in terms of money, enormously richer than it has ever been, but industry is paralysed as it has never been before because our customers abroad are ruined and cannot buy. If the credit which the United States and England alone control were released they could fertilise the earth and produce abundant harvests of trade; but they can only be released in a world to which peace and mutual confidence are restored.

Is that condition attainable? The answer to that question is the answer to my correspondent. I believe it is attainable—at last. For the first time for ten years it is possible to hope. The boat is turning on the tide. France has discovered the bankruptcy of Poincaré's policy and has come round to the English view. M. Herriot stands for peace and reconciliation. He knows that France cannot prosper if Europe is ruined. He has dropped the militarism of Poincaré, has declared whole-heartedly for the League of Nations and is prepared, subject to Germany's fulfilment of the Dawes' proposals, for a friendly pact between England, Germany, and France under the sanction of the League.

If this policy goes through it will be the grandest day's work that has been done in this Europe of ours since the beginning of time.

BUT the point I wish to stress here is that the immediate effect of the pacification of Europe will be the greatest burst of international trade the world has ever seen. In that burst I have no fear that this country will be left.

That brings me back to my correspondent. I cannot advise him, but I will say that if I thought of emigrating myself this is not the moment I should choose, for there is light in the sky and any moment the dark cloud may vanish for us.

Knuckle-duster th

Our whole system of food distribution is stupid and chaotic.

Mr. Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., who suggests ways of bringing down prices.

A SWEDISH doctor of my acquaintance, who has been paying a round of calls in the provinces and looking at our scheme of life with the detached eye of a foreign observer, said to me recently:

"More than half of your children would be feeling and looking fitter if the money spent on the multiplicity of condiments and semi-foods that have been years on the shelves in tins and packets were outlaid on rich creamy milk, fresh vegetables, fruit and poultry. I'm not decrying everything in a tin or packet, by any means. Numbers of these preparations are excellent, nourishing foods; but numbers of them are not. If your women would take the trouble to learn to cook, as women do everywhere else in the world, this perpetual doping of your food would not be necessary."

The village shop in Europe is an "all sorts" shop, the "all sorts" comprising food—usually fresh—clothing, tools, harness, stationery, simple preparations for treating ailments, and toys. Fresh vegetables it usually sells, too, and fish and corn. Not so many years ago a British village shop was like that, too. Now everywhere jars, tins and packets, such bad value for the most part, have swamped the shelves.

Where meat is sold it is bought, stupidly, from a tinning ranch in South America instead of from Hodge's pig-raising neighbour, or Farmer Jones, a mile down the lane. Where fruit and vegetables are sold they eventually arrive at the shop faded, limp and weary from France or Holland instead of from local farmer folk and people round the corner with a heavier crop than they expected.

And fish isn't sold, though at our doors are the best and richest fisheries of any country.

Our whole system of food distribution is stupid. It does not even pay the small shopkeepers nearly as well as would independence and common-sense. The solution of the meat, fruit and vegetable problem is to cut out middlemen and transport and buy local produce at what local producers will take for it—not Smithfield prices.

That is the way food keeps cheap pretty well

The Lasso of Misfortune

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

IN these troublous times the plight of many poor widows and fatherless children is terrible. In this article our contributor tells two moving stories of these unfortunate women, and urges that it is time we roused ourselves to confront the sufferings of our poorer neighbours.

IF the public would feel as great an indignation against cruelty to human beings as it recently expressed so powerfully against cruelty to cattle at Wembley, how soon there would be an end of the poverty, the squalor, and the misery which disgrace our civilisation!

Take this case, with which I have been acquainted for some time. A very respectable West of England woman with a numerous family suddenly found herself widowed and almost penniless. She came down in the world step by step till she was obliged to live in two wretched rooms in a mews. For these two rooms over a stable in a fashionable West of England town, rooms which are dark, ramshackle and insanitary, she has been obliged to pay 14s. a week.

HER neighbours are mostly disreputable and brutal. She has often had to separate man and wife in a repulsive struggle, and to bandage the cuts and bathe the bruises given to some poor draggle-tailed slut by a drunken husband. Always she has had to watch over her own children lest they should become contaminated by the children of some very bad neighbours.

Things became easier for her when the eldest girl went out to service, and the second daughter got married. There were two mouths less to feed, and the eldest daughter made herself responsible for the rent—a tremendous consideration. This eldest daughter, who is a very beautiful creature, might have married a score of times, but she has always said, "I must look after mother." Out of her wages she has sent that mother 14s. a week for over four years.

Recently, the widow was taken ill. The doctor ordered her to bed. She answered, "If I go to bed the place will go to rack and ruin." She never calls it "home"; always "the place." But the illness gained upon her. Not the doctor, but sheer physical weakness, put her to bed. She was soon at death's door, and "the place," as she had foretold, went to rack and ruin.

A NOTE was sent to the eldest girl by one of the younger children. She asked her mistress for leave to go home, which was readily granted, and with a gift of £5 in her pocket from this kind mistress, she set out on the long journey. For weeks this brave girl never took off her clothes. She fought death in that dreadful mews, while the horses stamped and rattled their rack chains in the stalls below. Again and again the doctor said, "She cannot last till the morning." But the girl prayed, and the girl worked, and she saved "the place" from rack and ruin, and her mother from death.

When the crisis was passed she wrote to her married sister to come down from the far north of England; it was time she herself returned to work. This sister is married to a farm labourer. His wages are 30s. a week. They have four children. In a few days the married sister, with a baby in her arms, was in charge of the mother and "the place." I was struck by the expenses of such a long journey and enquired how the married sister had been able to find the money for it. I was told that she had gone to a kind neighbour, had explained the matter, and borrowed the money.

Imagine the situation. As she nurses her mother and her baby, and looks after "the place," and sees that the younger brothers and sisters have their meals, and do not get into mischief, she must be wondering to herself all the time how she is ever to pay back the money, the terrible amount of money, for her long journey. Perhaps the baby at her breast is a consolation. It is wonderful what a mother can get out of a baby. Still, what a worry that debt must be.

Rev. Campbell Stephen, M.P., one of the Clydesiders, whose "wildness" is mainly due to the low standard of living.

Here is a true tale of family love. It is a simple story, but surely a moving story, of that great love which keeps us all together and helps every generation to solve its difficult problems. Why I mention it is for this reason: If such love exists in the family, why cannot it exist in the nation? If it is natural for children to sacrifice themselves and to go to the rescue of their parents, why is it not natural for a great and powerful nation to go to the rescue of its widows and orphans?

FROM one of the most enviable of London suburbs a widow writes to me about her relations with the Poor Law Guardians. Her husband died at the age of forty-four, two years ago, leaving her with four children under thirteen years of age. She went to the Guardians for relief, who told her they could not help her till she had exhausted her husband's savings. What wonderful logic! Six months ago she went to them penniless, and was granted 44s. a week. She says they treated her like a criminal. Her rent is 12s. a week; coal costs 2s. 11d. a week, gas 3s., insurance, 2s. It was a struggle to provide the children with boots, clothes and food.

The eldest child, a girl in delicate health, went out to work directly she left school. Her wages while she was learning her trade, were 10s. a week. The Guardians immediately reduced the widow's allowance to 38s. The child's wages were raised to 12s. 6d. The Guardians reduced the allowance to 36s. No thought is given to the expenses of the child worker in travelling, in food, and in insurance.

The widow, after paying her rent has now 25s. 6d. to keep and clothe her children. She says it is heartbreaking work. The Guardians tell her she ought to go out and earn her own living. "But," she writes, "I dare not leave my children to the streets."

IS it not time that we roused ourselves to confront the sufferings of our poorer neighbours, and made up our minds that if steers must not be lassoed at Wembley neither must widows and orphans in Britain's green and pleasant land be broken on the wheel of economic law?

What is that prayer in the Litany of the Church of England? "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children, widows and all that are desolate and oppressed." Truly, the Almighty must be wondering if we really mean this supplication, since we do so little to answer it, either in His name or in the name of our own self-respect.

r the Dick Turpins!

by BASSETT DIGBY, F.R.G.S.

everywhere else in Europe. I have watched the system scores of times. Early in the morning men, women and children come into the villages and towns with the surplus produce that they do not need and sell it straightway to the shopkeepers who do happen to need it. The stuff can be sold to the public so really fresh and inviting and cheap that it does sell quickly. The shopkeeper won't buy rubbish.

What is more, you do not find Continental shopkeepers watching some set of artificial prices at the other end of the country and making similar charges. They realise that it really does pay to keep prices low. They realise, as the British shopkeeper does not, that enormous numbers of people can't or won't buy an obviously high-priced commodity, but can and will if it is cheap.

Local rings are not be feared. The Continental experience is that there are always plenty of local producers who will sell for what they can get, rather than prey on society and run the risk of their produce spoiling. Besides, in these days of cheap motor-vans, fresh produce could easily be fetched from a neighbouring district.

The people who can break the city rings, bring down the cost of living with a run and, incidentally, make a very good living out of it, are men who have the vision and sense to start little shops on these lines, buying nothing but local produce from the outset.

Their sources of supply could quickly be arranged by visiting farms, allotments, and gardens. Many a heavily taxed member of the "gentry"—the vicar, the doctor—would gladly co-operate. The essential thing is not to spoil the enterprise by buying cheap and then omitting to get the trade by selling at the same absurd prices as the shopkeepers who make us turn out our pockets to enrich foreigners and their railways and ships, and heaven knows how many middlemen in Britain.

The problem of fish distribution can be solved by the motor-van and ice-boxes. The same firms that sell ice-boxes to butchers will sell them to fishmongers. For no more than it costs to buy a good shop, two or three motor-vans can be obtained, one running between a fishing village or port and a rural base, equipped with ice-boxes, inland, and the others distributing to chains of village shops or booths.

Surely it is by methods like these that we are likely to find our incomes looking larger.

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Saints and Sinners

A MAN WHO NEVER TIRES

Secrets of the French Premier

by HESKETH PEARSON

ALL the papers have been busy calling Edouard Herriot the Joseph Chamberlain of France. But except for the fact that Herriot has done for Lyons what Chamberlain did for Birmingham, the comparison is ridiculous.

Physically, no two men could be more unlike each other—the Frenchman stout and swarthy, the Englishman thin and pale. In everyday life and habits, too, they are utterly dissimilar.

Whereas Chamberlain used to take a cab in order to get from one side of the street to the other, Herriot can and does walk most of his friends off their legs.

But the lack of resemblance is more pronounced when we probe deeper. Chamberlain was a man of business first, a politician a long second.

Herriot is a politician first and foremost. He has always regarded himself as the servant of his country.

For twenty years he served Lyons as mayor. During that time he delivered lectures and taught the students at the chief educational establishment in the city. He also wrote a series of scholarly books.

HIS motto in life is "to keep on *doing* things." He doesn't believe in talking about how they ought to be done. "Don't think too deeply before you act," he once told a class of students: "too much thought destroys the will to do." And he lived up to his motto throughout his mayoralty.

During his term of office the question of extending the tram-service to a certain part of the city came up for discussion. His colleagues objected to it because the district was not a populous one and the service would not repay the outlay. "It is easy to see," remarked Herriot, "that none of you live in that neighbourhood. If you did, you would not object to the outlay." And he had his way.

ON another occasion he was violently assailed in a local paper for having squandered public money in order to beautify a section of the town. When the article was brought to his notice, he said: "Oh, yes, I know the writer well. In fact he's a great friend of mine—though he has never forgiven me for purchasing on behalf of the city a piece of land he badly wanted himself!"

In his efforts to make Lyons the premier provincial city of France, he made many enemies. But he didn't mind a little temporary unpopularity.

He was willing to be judged by results, and the results seldom failed to do him credit. One of his peculiarities is that he never seems to be working at all. This impression, an entirely erroneous one, is due to the calm and easy way in which he goes about his business. He never hurries and he is never flurried.

M. Edouard Herriot

In the midst of actual panic he has been known to pick up a book and refer to something that had escaped his memory!

VITALITY he has in abundance. Old Clemenceau once said that Herriot was the only man who tired him out.

When this was passed on to Herriot, he replied: "Yes, I prey upon his conscience!"

He has a difficult job in front of him. But he has the brains and energy of half a dozen men to grapple with it.

The Sentence of the Court

A COAL-BLACK OUTLOOK

Mines' Minister Mulcted

by HARRISON OWEN

TO a charge of procrastination in connection with his handling of the question of profiteering by retail coal merchants, Emanuel Shinwell, Secretary for Mines, pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that early in March the accused began his enquiry into this matter by inviting the Coal Merchants' Federation to confer with him. The coal merchants announced that they would "tell him everything," but apparently they had merely told him a tale. They had, for example, stated that their profits did not exceed 9d. a ton. To anybody with even a slight knowledge of the position this statement was palpably absurd, and proof of its absurdity was now to hand in the form of a White Paper embodying the evidence of nine co-operative societies as to their transactions in the handling and selling of household coal in different parts of the country.

"These societies," continued counsel, "have been selling coal at an average of from 2d. to 3d. a ton less than is charged by ordinary dealers, while paying from 10s. to 15s. a week more in wages; yet they frankly admit that their profits have averaged more than 2s. 3d. a ton, and in some instances have been as high as 5s. 10½d. When these organisations, which are not specialists in the selling of coal, are able to make such profits, I ask the jury to say whether they believe that ordinary coal merchants, while charging higher prices, are helping themselves to a profit of only 9d.

"I freely admit," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "that credit is due to the accused for having set out to investigate this matter; but it is useless to allow the truth to remain in a well—even a Shinwell—and to do nothing. Just at the moment the demand for household coal is not at its highest, but if winter comes it will once again be the winter of the householders' discontent, unless in the meantime the accused takes action to bring the law and the profits into juxtaposition."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, in defence, said that "his client fully realised that this was, so to speak, a burning question. The suggestion that the coal merchants had not disclosed their true profits was a very serious one, and Mr. Shinwell was pursuing a policy of masterly inactivity while waiting to see what the merchants would say in reply to this allegation."

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

"I find no difficulty in endorsing the verdict," remarked Mr. Justice Bull; "for while the prisoner has not been deaf to the householders' song, 'Everybody's Doing Us,' he has been prone to indirect action. Admittedly, a fuel-dealer and his money, however ill-gotten, are not easily parted, but profits such as these coal merchants seize should be without honour in their own or any other country. In a matter such as this, procrastination is the thief of the public's money and the Government's prestige.

"Unless the prisoner quickly realises that he who hesitates is lost, we may find when winter arrives that, like a Nero in a bowler hat, he is still fiddling while our coal burns large holes in our incomes. Having regard to the evidence contained in this new White Paper, I must direct that the prisoner shall without delay proceed to stage his long-postponed rodeo and give us a taste of his talents as an exponent of profi(s)teer-roping."

A GLIMPSE AT UTOPIA

IT behoves this generation to adjust the conditions of to-day so that this great Empire of ours shall be spared the shame of oblivion, says the writer. Every form of industry must be developed and encouraged to expand. Human relationships in the industrial world are in need of readjustment.

by SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.

IF it were not part of the make-up of the average Briton to take everything in good part, the signs of the times would have more seriously disturbed the mind of the whole country long before this. In many phases of life there has been a noticeable decline, a decline that has been made more steep and sudden during the last few months.

It is the bounden duty of every true patriot who perceives the danger to wave the warning flag—the only red flag that has any beneficent purpose. And so to-day, seeing how possible it is for the country to be rushed to ruin, I wave this red flag of warning. We must pull ourselves up with a jerk, see from what great heights we are falling, and effect a "right-about-face," returning to the old truths and the old gospel of sanity and constitutionalism.

The Law of Success

As we look into the past, and the further back we look, we find that there are certain immutable laws that govern success, be it individual or national success. Despite the fatalistic views of some people, success doesn't just happen—it is not an accident nor a coincidence; it is the inevitable outcome of the obedience to certain laws.

"If a man does not work neither shall he eat" is but a simplified crystallisation of those laws. With that fact in mind the observer of the past will recognise that every great empire that has fallen into the dust of decay has done so because it allowed itself to depart from the straight and narrow path of industry, sobriety and social order.

It behoves this generation to adjust the conditions of to-day so that this great Empire of ours shall be spared the shame of oblivion. What are those conditions, the adjustment of which is of such vital importance to the continued welfare of the Empire? They are not primarily financial conditions, nor political conditions, or economic conditions, except in so far as finance, politics and economics indirectly affect every phase of human existence.

It is the social conditions of a people that ensure the triumph or defeat of a nation.

A Tragedy of To-day

Let us illustrate the situation. Here we have what, to simplify matters, I will call the Social Body, identical in many respects to the human body. It has its different members, each performing distinct functions, but all contributing to the life and work of the whole body. But the Social Body is in a diseased condition; it is covered with sores—nasty, ulcerous, ugly, festering sores.

Sores: unemployment, poverty, prostitution, crime, bad houses, low wages and high cost of living. This noxious state of affairs has to be dealt with. Neglect means the disaster of decay and death.

Over a million men are unemployed. That fact seems too huge to grasp. Let me reduce it to manageable proportions so that every reader can *feel* it. I know of few more poignant tragedies than that of a fine sturdy workman going home and confessing to his wife that he has lost his job. That is a tragic pronouncement.

It engulfs the little home. It means that the instalments on the furniture will get into arrears, the happy Saturday outings will have to be foregone, the occasional "treats" will be denied, the children's old clothes will be unreplenished.

There you have a picture, anything but overdrawn, of the grim tragedy of unemployment as applied to thousands of individual homes all over the country at this moment. And no nation can afford this evil blight. Our wealth as a nation is vested in the social welfare of the people: every sore in the Social Body is destructive in effect and expensive in operation.

Genius in the Slums

There is another evil: that of bad housing conditions. This has two chief aspects. There is the lack of good houses; there is the presence of bad houses. An Englishman's house has always been regarded as his castle, but it is more than that. The word "home" spells more than a few rooms where a family eat, live and sleep. It is the pivot on which the whole of the political, social and industrial life of the nation revolves.

An A1 nation cannot be reared in C3 homes. And every C3 home that is in existence is a cancellation of much that could have contributed to the moral and physical wealth of this Empire.

From some of the poorer homes, I gladly note, many eminent men have come; but they have emerged in spite, not because, of such homes. Who can estimate the number of front-rank men and women there might have been had the housing conditions of the nation been on a higher level of comfort and decency?

A young man wrote to a friend of mine some months ago asking his advice as to his best course for securing the necessary education to enable him to obtain a position in a certain profession. Subsequent correspondence interested my friend so much that he determined to see him in his own home. He will never forget that experience.

He was the son of farm labourers, and lived with his parents, not thirty miles from London, in a poky thatched cottage. The floor was of broken pantiles; the huge fireplace vomited dense clouds of smoke from a green-wood fire into the room every time the wind drifted down the chimney. Besides this large living-room there was one other. Here the parents, the lad (seventeen years of age) and his little sister all slept.

In the living-room on a tiny side-table was a cluster of books—the lad's treasury. These he had read through and through. But what chance had this boy, and the thousands of others whom he represents, to make his way in the world? His environment was against him; the wretched home-life and vile living conditions will condemn him to the life of his father for ever. And yet, he has within him seeds that, rightly planted and carefully nurtured, could have made him a success in another walk in life.

When Mother's Beauty Fades

Another sore in the Social Body is that of dire poverty. I am not among those so-called economists who say that poverty is not only incurable but essential.

There are thousands of heroines in this country. They are the brave little women who sacrifice their freshness, beauty and bloom in a life-long battle to make two ends meet. You can see them every Saturday night anxiously comparing the prices of foodstuffs with the contents of their purses. For them every pay-night is merely another occasion for worry.

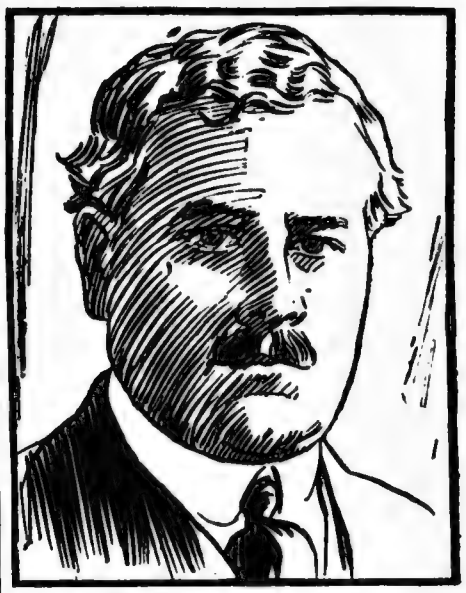
The harassed mother has to budget her man's wages for the household—there are first of all the essential foods to be bought, insurances to be paid, a shilling or two to the Christmas club to ensure the Christmas dinner, instalments on the furniture to be paid, a new jacket for little Johnnie and a pair of boots for Clara. She herself has not had a new hat for years, while her "man" has worn the same Sunday-go-to-meeting suit for a long time.

In the homes of thousands there is this grinding poverty, this futile effort to make wages overtake prices. And as it lasts, so brave women and hard-working men are broken in body and embittered in spirit.

Those "Wicked" Capitalists!

I have attempted very briefly to refer to some of the evils that are having a bad effect on the social life of the nation. But to indicate defects is not enough; we must attempt to discover remedies for these defects. In my opinion all these social sores (unemployment, bad housing, crime and poverty) are too often the natural outcome of one fundamental evil—the wrong human relationship in industry.

It is only the muddle-headed of the Socialists who ignorantly decry industry and pretend to imagine that all the Captains of Industry are



Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P.

born into the world with the one object of plundering the workers. Intelligent people know that industry is the petrol to the motor of modern life. That nation is the most successful, and its people the most prosperous, which seeks to get the best and the utmost out of industry.

There, at any rate, is one cure for the social ills of the day: every form of industry must be developed and encouraged to expand and enlarge. The most beneficent statesmanship is that which seeks to give industry a new and a greater impetus—the worst patriot is he who seeks to put grit in the wheels of the machine. It is for this reason that I claim that the human relationships in the industrial world badly need, in many respects, complete readjustment.

The Prize Worth Winning

Every strike and every lockout does damage to the industrial machine. And strikes and lockouts are but the outward and visible signs of a wrong relationship between man and master. The Socialists preach a doctrine called "Co-partnership," but their actions belie their words. I am in favour of co-partnership, the best form of co-partnership—the workman giving of his utmost and the employer giving of his utmost—to build up that perfect industrial edifice in which the weal and welfare of both are intimately bound.

Masters and men must join hands, hearts and heads in a recognition of this concept. All must do all for all. Therein is success, that way is the path of prosperity. And in the prosperous nation unemployment, bad housing, crime and poverty are reduced to a minimum.

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Agony of the Shabby Genteel

Without a Country—The Bogus Gentleman—A Sister's Folly

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"WHEN I was five years old I remember one day finding mother kneeling on the floor crying—great tearing sobs that terrified me—her face twisted and drawn and haggard. I put my arms round her neck silently, and holding me very tightly she said, 'Oh, baby—the pain—the pain!'

"That is the first and most vivid impression of my childhood—the passing from baby innocence and ignorance to a knowledge of what life was—and pain and sorrow.

"From that time (and God only knows how long before) mother has suffered, intensely and silently. I am twenty-three now, and the thought haunts me that it was my birth which brought to a climax the physical weakness and trouble from which mother suffered. If I (the youngest of five) had not been born mother might not be as she is now.

"Father is a Methodist clergyman—perhaps you can understand what that means; ceaseless striving to keep our home together on a miserable pittance of £170 a year; debt on debt heaping up, and nothing to pay the creditors; living frugally, wondering where our next meal is coming from; scraping and pinching to try *once in a long time* to get something for mother.

"Then there is the hideous mockery of trying to keep up appearances, and hide our poverty from the eyes of our ever-prying sneering world, and always we are tormented by the fears that creditors may wait no longer, and the knowledge of the ruin and disgrace that means. We are on the verge of it.

"When I look at father, the thin emaciated body, the shoulders stooped with the awful burden of worry and care that has *always* been his, the dumb, hopeless misery in his eyes, I feel it were better we were all dead, and mad black hatred rises up in me against the Life that gives to one man full measure and overflowing, and crushes mercilessly another, as it has crushed father.

"*I burn when I think of the well-to-do congregation he preaches to, paying their pastor a starvation salary.*

"Four years ago mother underwent a serious operation; since then she has been growing worse, and a fortnight ago she became critically ill. She is slightly better now, but the doctors say her collapse is due to a tumour, which has grown since the operation.

"There is a way in which, though she will always be an invalid, her life may be prolonged for years and the suffering stopped. It is by a special course of ray treatment which has the effect of shrivelling the tumour. If this is not done it may in time become malignant.

"I have nursed enough cases of malignant disease to make me pray that she may die before the possibility of such an occurrence. Oh, I have watched them die slowly—the awful intolerable agony—and one can do nothing for them.

"Mother can be cured; the last years of a life of suffering can at least be made painless. And she doesn't want to die; she wants to live.

"The treatment, with the necessary care and proper nourishment and comforts to build up her strength, would cost more than we can afford. But because father is only a clergyman, I must go on, watching mother's suffering and the misery that never leaves poor father's eyes.

"All we children are earning our living but one girl whom it is essential should remain at home. We have taken it in turns to do so. The little help we can send is swallowed up instantly."

"Humanist" says:—*Everybody who reads your tragic narrative, which lifts the veil from the suffering in the homes of underpaid Ministers, must sympathise with you and yours.* JOHN BULL *is doing its best to stop the wicked scandal of the sweating of the clergy.*

Without a Country

"THIS is regarding a family affair. My mother is the wife of a German. My father, who is 72 years of age, was born in Germany but left there at the age of 16. He has six sons, all of whom served in the Great War. Now my mother wants to visit her son's grave and was informed at the Passport Office that she is not a British subject (although born in England).

"Previously my father had gone to the German Consul, but he was told that as he had been away from Germany for nearly 60 years he cannot hold any claim to have Germān protection. It seems hard for us boys to have a slur cast upon us through no fault of our own. Yet if we told a parcel of lies to the questions on a passport application form we could obtain one for my mother.

"To whom are we to apply for a passport to enable my mother to visit her son's grave?"

"Humanist" says: *Go to the Home Office. The service of six sons in the war will certainly count. The man without a country is in a difficult position. Nobody thinks that he ought to be outside the pale of humanity.*

The Bogus Gentleman

"IN civil life I am a four-loom weaver, but during the war I rose to the rank of captain, and so associated with men of higher social standing than myself. Upon demobilisation, through my army success, I had visions of a better post than I had been previously accustomed to, but it was not to be. I have always posed, wherever possible, as the son of an imaginary baronet.

"Some time ago I met the lady manageress of a ladies' clothing salon, with whom I kept up my usual harmless deception, but to complicate matters she and I have fallen deeply in love with each other.

"I cannot go on deluding the girl and I am at a loss as to the course I should now take. I fear I shall never be able to supply her with the type of home she is accustomed to, yet my love urges me, careless of the consequences, to hasten into marriage."

"Humanist" says: *You seem to be a first-class fool: and giving you advice is a waste of time and effort. I have only one thing to say. Go straight: it is the easiest path in the long run. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in being a weaver.*

A Sister's Folly

"SIX years ago my twin sister and a young doctor were engaged to be married, and this sent me into fits of jealousy, for I also sincerely loved the man. During one of those fits, which occurred while the doctor was visiting a sick relative on the Continent, I deliberately concocted a scheme to cut out my sister.

"I got a soldier friend to post a letter in France, purporting to come from the doctor, whose handwriting I imitated. This letter, which my sister received, declared that the doctor's love had cooled, and that he wished release from the engagement.

"My sister became insane and had to be removed to an asylum. Broken with remorse, I removed to the district where my sister was and paid her frequent visits, during one of which I told her of my deceit in the hope that she would regain her sanity. My efforts to make amends, however, have proved futile, and just the other week the doctor, still unaware of my sin met me by chance, arranged a subsequent visit, and has already expressed a wish that I should become his wife. I still love the man deeply, but feel I cannot become his wife in the circumstances.

"Should I make a clean breast of my wickedness?"

"Humanist" says: *If I advised you to marry him and say nothing, I should be advising you to profit by a dirty and dastardly act. Tell him the truth. He may not marry you I hope he may be able to forgive you.*

Too Old at Forty.

"Forty, a gentle, good-looking woman, I cannot get employment. 'We want a young lady' is the story everywhere. What can I do?"

Keep on trying. There is no alternative. Sooner or later you will find an employer who appreciates experience, judgment and steadiness. I shall be glad to hear of your success.

The Exacting Wife.

"My wife has left me because, being out of work, I took a job, travelling for a whisky house. This is against her principles."

Respect her principles—and get on with your job. There is nothing wrong in it. If she refuses to live with you, you need not support her. But try to get her to see reason.

The Australian Recruiter.

"I met an Australian sheep-farmer at Wembley who wants me to go out there to work on his farm. I am to deposit £100 as security. Do you recommend this?"

Certainly not. Don't part with a farthing. What does he want security for? To ensure that you will not steal his sheep? It is nonsense.

A Foreman Bully.

"The foreman in our works makes us all pay for his drinks. I refused and we fought. I had justice on my side: he had brute strength on his. I got the worst of it. What can I do?"

Tell your foreman that you will not be blackmailed and that if he persists you will report him. Also, show him this answer. It will cool his ardour. Bullies don't like to be reported to us. We have a way of dealing with them.

Over-Anxious Woman.

"I am thirty-one, a manageress of a dressmaking business—anxious, hard-worked and carefully behaved. One of my girls is less well-behaved and has a much better time than I have. Am I right?"

Of course you are—only don't be too stodgy. The world ought to be a cheerful, genial place. Leave your anxieties behind you when you close your desk. Laugh and the world laughs with you—brood and you brood alone.

A Grasping Employer.

"My employer, in a Welsh village, owns a row of tenement houses in a street of evil reputation. Instead of giving me an increase of salary, he wants me to live in one of these houses at a reduced rent. I have my children to think of."

You can refuse. Your employer cannot dictate to you where to live. It is better to do without an increase of salary—though I hope you will get it—than to bring up children in demoralising surroundings.

Her Husband's Debts.

"My husband has died in India. I have got letters of administration of his estate, a considerable one. Amongst his debts is a bill for keeping another woman and her child. I can afford to pay it, but ought I?"

Yes, if the other woman proves that she had your husband's authority to incur the debt. Your position is that of a trustee, not a censor of morals. Debts incurred by your husband, though you disapprove of them, must be paid out of his money. It is a bad discovery for you—make the best of it.

Unwise Investment.

"My husband, a war-pensioner, wishes to commute his pension and put the money into a boarding-house, run by a woman who is living apart from her husband, and whom I don't like. She was once fined for running a night-club. Can I stop it?"

Only by peaceful and friendly persuasion. After all it is his money. But I certainly do not think in the circumstances it is a wise investment. Sometimes it is necessary to sell a pension: generally, however, it is an improvident thing to do—putting all the eggs in one basket.

Words Winged to Women

What Women Should Know

by MABEL HORNER

THERE is much to interest women in all that is being said and written about the weakening of the moral fibre of the nation. Some of the statements made are wise, others foolish. It is impossible to judge the womanhood of a whole nation from those cases that reach the precincts of divorce or police courts.

Such cases are often misjudged because of the welter of sentimentality with which they are surrounded. It is much safer to judge facts from the findings of medical research.

We have lately been stirred by the figures relating to the high percentage of deaths and as a result of childbirth. We have been disturbed to find that maternity in our modern civilisation has become a most dangerous calling, that instead of being a natural function it has become a menace.

Let us not forget that one of the worst contributory causes of this terrible mortality is laxity of moralconduct. The mother herself, in the majority of cases, is as much a victim as the child.

That is the worst phase of this dark subject. The suffering cannot be confined to the perpetrator of the misdeed. It passes on, working evil both to the innocent adult and the unborn child. This is the strongest argument, apart from strictly moral or religious standpoints, for equal continence and rectitude for both sexes, yet it is a point too often ignored.

THE reluctance that hides truth under an affectation of modesty, that refuses to speak plainly of the certainty of disease and suffering following in the path of sexual promiscuity, is merely cowardice. Women themselves can prevent untold suffering to the generations as yet unborn if they will be more courageous in speaking of facts to their sons and daughters.

In a non-technical article it is impossible to do more than touch on the facts. In one hospital in a great industrial centre two doctors conducted a research in the cause of the appalling infant mortality. *They found that not less than 50 per cent. of the cases were syphilitic.* They found that of the infants who survived, most of those who suffered from diseases of the heart, eyes and lungs could be traced to the same cause.

This hospital was not an isolated instance. Naturally, where the housing conditions, the poverty and ignorance are worst, there the hospitals get the largest percentage of disease traceable to this cause. But Government research on the subject has been carried on in thousands of cases.

WHERE there is laxity there follows disease. And where there is disease it cannot be confined to the persons concerned. It continues its ravages on the innocent and brings suffering in its train to the infants as yet unborn.

This is not a thing to be shirked. It is a phase of human life that women, fully alive to their privileges and high calling, might do very much to set straight

Any woman reading this will first of all ask "How?" There is only one way and it has been too often shirked by women in the past because of a mistaken belief in the necessity of the double standard of morality for men and women.

There is no such necessity. Medical evidence all goes to prove the enormous benefit that accrues both to men and women from a life of strict morality when this is allied to noble aspirations and strenuous endeavour. This is what women must teach their sons no less than their daughters. Women must acquaint themselves with facts.

After all, men have always been—and always will be—very much what women make them. Women have more than the franchise in their hands. They have the future of the nation.

One Out of Thousands

"MANY thanks for the minute details which you have taken the trouble to give me in reply to a query which was really technical and, as such, should have been outside your sphere of kindly aid.

"Oftentimes I have sent queries to Editors, but my replies were in most cases either vague, ambiguous or general. You, however, ignore time and energy in order to please your readers.

"Many thanks. I shall follow your advice."—*T. P. T., Dublin.*

Thus writes a delighted reader who made use of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, and discovered that all the good things we had said about the service were not in the least exaggerated.

OUR Free Advice Service is open to you; it is at the command of all readers.

It answers questions on every subject under the sun, and settles all readers' problems and worries. It does not matter what your problem is—Business, Love, Finance, Ex-Service, Domestic, Law, Wireless, Pensions, Sport, etc.—write to JOHN BULL about it!

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query, and we will do the rest. We have an expert who specialises in each subject, and our whole staff is at your command.

DON'T think your problem too big; don't think it too small. We'll answer it if it's humanly possible!

Every day hundreds of letters of thanks are pouring into our offices. What we have done for those grateful readers we can do for you. And it costs you nothing.

Get rid of those wrinkles and furrows in your forehead! Don't get cross and snap at the wife because your problems won't come right!

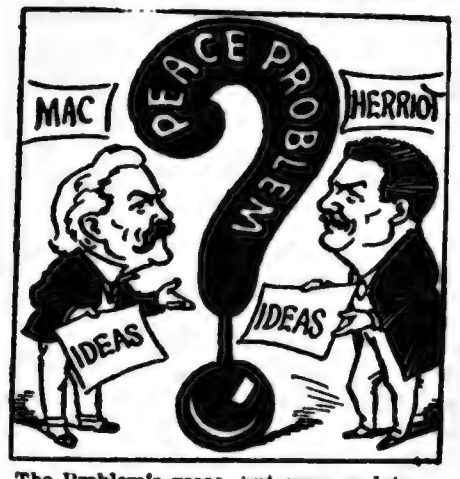
Bring them to us! *We'll* set them right for you!

If there's anything that keeps you awake at nights forget it. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

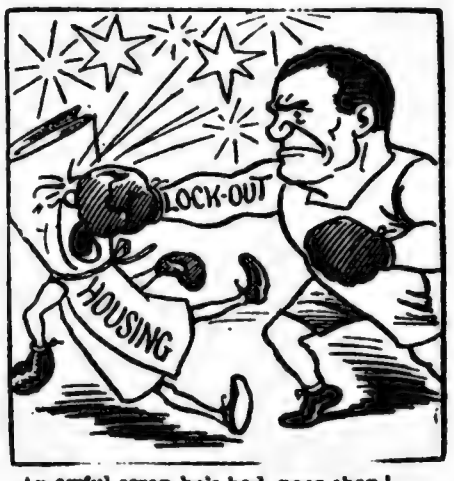
by FRANK HOLLAND



The Problem's great but soon or late
The French and we must solve it;
This time, maybe, we've found a key,
If not, we must evolve it.

He's done his best to put to rest
Poor Pussy, but in vain;
She *will not* drown, but just goes down
And then comes up again.

We'll never get the Tsarist debt,
It's folly to expect it;
It's gone to sleep where willows weep
And none can resurrect it.



An awful scrap he's had, poor chap!
And now there comes a lock-out;
Tho' heaven knows he's stood some blows,
This one looks like a "knock-out."

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Where are the Good

This Year's Youngsters, with the exception of Diomedes, are much Below

IT has been a barren season so far for class two-year-olds, and I question if anything near the best of its age has been out so far.

No doubt at Ascot there were some fairly good ones, but with barely one exception have we seen anything win a top-class event in the smashing style of Mumtaz Mahal of last season and Cos and Town Guard the previous year.

In the circumstances, it will be more than interesting to see what the Manton stable and one or two others produce later on. I think there will be something out in the autumn that will beat winners we have seen.

Two from Beckhampton.

I did not like the way in which Black Friar won his last race. He got away better than most, and ought to have won more readily than he did, but he was not galloping straight in the last furlong. He may accumulate a dislike for racing, or else will not stay. That is my present impression.

His stable companion Margeritta is more genuine. This is a speedy filly who may find nothing to beat her this season whatever happens to her next.

Diomedes is Good.

Diomedes missed Ascot to run at Newmarket this month, and if he has made any progress at all he ought to win again. Some of the youngsters he beat in April are now in selling races, but the style in which he cantered away with his two races makes me think he will have a prominent place in the Free Handicap. He has no "book" engagements, but neither did Purple Shade last year. These never were a guarantee of brilliancy.

Second-class Youngsters.

Constantine and Iceberg are surely not top-notchers. The latter has improved, but when he beat Iron Mask the latter had had all the racing he needed for a bit. I hope to see Runnymede come on later, and, of course, there are Bravado, Diagoras, Poor Scats, El Cacique and Firouze Mahal to think about, but at this time last season we had half a dozen youngsters who could give a couple of lengths or more to any of the present crop.

Mumpty's Half-sister.

Therefore, I am anxious to see "Mumty's" half-sister Joyous, and the grey Tetrarch colt Ethnarch. But perhaps even the former is not worth half what was given for her.

LONDON CUP WINNER.

What about Live Wire for the London Cup this week-end at "Ally Pally"? Lord Wolverton's colt has a partiality for the course and literally ran away with a race here in April.

Live Wire is very useful, and I know that he was tried with Sansovino before the latter won the Derby.

Horses for courses works out pretty well at "Ally Pally," probably owing to the curious formation of the track, which is after the style of Chester.

Ragout has proved on several occasions that he likes a circular course. He has accepted for the race, but I am rather afraid that 9 st. 2 lb. will stop him.

Next to Live Wire I think the best bet is Melibeus, another Alexandra Park winner. He scored in the Autumn Cup very easily from Dinkie, the sensational Hunt Cup winner.

Our Stayers.

I think I was the first sporting writer to draw attention to the dearth of good stayers in this country.

The result of the two long-distance events at Ascot proved that I had not under-estimated our weakness.

Massine and Filibert de Savoie gave our best points in the Gold Cup and Rose Prince and Keror, both French-bred horses, fought out the finish for the Alexandra Stakes, which, by the way, is the longest race held in this country, 2 miles, 6 furlongs and 85 yards.

I have seen it suggested that our owners should breed from Haki, one of Taylor's champions, who was gifted with splendid staying powers.

It is certainly about time we looked to our laurels.

It Is No Good Lamenting.

Mr. George Lambton's lament that there are not enough weight-for-age races over distances is sound enough, but why do not the owners of the Inkermans and the Tranquils make the best of it and attempt to win some of our many distance handicaps?

We all know such horses get plenty of weight but, after all, a handicap is a handicap. Willonyx won the Cesarewitch under 9 st. 5 lb., and The White Knight nearly did so with the "packet" of 9 st. 13 lb. on his back.

I don't expect the Massine affair will lead to much, but I should like to see the Sandown people make the Eclipse Stakes a longer race. A ten-furlong event is neither one thing nor the other.

Only 30 per cent. Winners.

If you take up a *Ruff's Guide* you will find that only about 30 per cent. of horses in training win races. I mention this because there are probably more bad horses nowadays than ever there were. Apparently, some men own "racehorses" for vanity and nothing else.

When winners in a big field are bought in or sold for sums between fifty and a hundred guineas, you begin to wonder what some of the others are worth. And it costs as much to keep and train a bad horse as a good one.

The list of fixtures ought to be gone through with a comb and a third of them wiped out. There is too much racing, although the people who get a living out of it don't agree.

Sansovino's Defeat.

Losing jockeys always get criticised by some people and Weston, of course, got blamed for the defeat of Sansovino at Ascot. Just because Weston at Epsom disregarded tactics and went out to win as soon as he could, proving what sort of a horse he was on, silly people say he can only ride one sort of race. What about his display on Tranquil at Doncaster last autumn. She was not ridden in the Sansovino style.

Others are against the existing custom of letting light-weights ride with chunks of dead-weight up. Well, that clever American trainer, Huggins, who was over here some years ago said that he liked dead-weight because it could be packed on a horse's withers and because it could not move about. This was hardly a compliment to the jockeys of that time.

Personally I overlook the defeat of Sansovino. It was one of those things that happen and nobody can tell me he is not a good one. But I should like to take 2 to 1 Straitlace beats him in the St. Leger.

"Robber" Bird.

Punters on the race-course do not show much mercy to the welsher if they manage to catch him. They first of all batter him and, if there is a river in the vicinity, he's for it. This is exactly as it should be.

The welsher who sits in his City office is immune from such treatment. Thanks to the law. It is a shame.

One of these creatures who resides in the City is Robert Bird, of 34, Langham Street, W.1. "Robber" Bird will take any money you like to send him and, in his businesslike way, he will send you a voucher.

That is all he ever does send you. I am still receiving complaints over Sansovino bets for the Derby which he has not settled.

Will punters please note that it is useless to send money to this crook?

The Evergreen Golly-Eyes.

In spite of his ten years Golly-Eyes is still a force with which to be reckoned in selling handicaps. I notice that the old warrior has captured the Ashtead Plate for three consecutive years. This is an unique record for an old 'un. He was complimented at Brighton by being made favourite in a field of twenty-two.

It is nothing unusual for a race to be won twice by the same animal. This occurs year after year, but I cannot recall a similar feat to Golly-Eyes.

The only big handicap in which the double has never been achieved is the Cesarewitch. Rose Prince may be the first to break that record.

Jockeys' Nicknames.

My mail-bag this week contained an enquiry asking for a list of jockey's nicknames. I was unable to comply with the request as the present-day knight of the pigskin is referred to, generally, by his Christian name. In the good old days this was seldom the case. Fred Archer was known as "The Tinman," Fordham as "The Demon," and Osborne "The Pusher." More recently there was "Mad Jack," otherwise popular Charlie Triggs, and the not very flattering nickname given to Tod Sloan—"The Monkey on a Stick." Sloan earned this sobriquet owing to his peculiar style of riding almost on his mount's neck.

10 st 7 lb. and Romps Home.

I do not think there is any doubt now that Golden Boss is the greatest sprinter of the age.

He carried the back-breaker of 10st. 7lb. in the King's Stud Stakes, and soon had a field of first-class sprinters stone cold. Golden Boss has never been beaten in England. This was his seventh consecutive win. Old-timers would like to see Irish Elegance able to come back to have a cut at him.

Twelve Pointer.

If you read what I told you of Twelve Pointer he did not cost you any money over the Hunt Cup, but some people are sure to back him to win for the Cambridgeshire. I should not take a long price about him.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Newmarket, Wednesday.
SHAMBLES, WINALOT.

Newmarket, Thursday.
POLYMNIA FILLY, INKERMAN.

Newmarket, Friday.
DIOMEDES, DAWSON CITY.

Worcester, Thursday.
FIRE STAR, HARD BATTLE.

Worcester, Friday.
BRESLANE, BOSSOVER.

Alexandra Park, Saturday.
TRESOR, MAIN ROYAL,
LIVE WIRE.

Two-Year-Olds?

the Average

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Jade.—It is about time Cottrill won a race with this filly. She has been second in her last four races. Her last performance, when she split Crimson Square and Polish Saint, was good.

Played Out.—Was very unlucky to lose the Southover Plate at Brighton on a disqualification. She bumped Heron badly, and the Stewards had no alternative in the matter, but I think Played Out would have been first past the post in any event. Next time out consider her as a winner without a penalty.

Inkerman.—Considering that Taylor's fine stayer did not have a real Manton preparation for the Gold Cup he put up a splendid fight with Massine and Filibert de Savoie. I consider Inkerman is our best long-distance champion, and he should be backed whenever he runs. He beat Tranquil at level weights last back-end.

Silent Guard.—Students of form should back Hogg's two-year-old until he wins. Money was piled on to him for the Nimble Two-Year-Old Plate at Windsor—and he started at 2 to 1. He was beaten a neck by Snip Snap with Quirk third. The latter won a few days later at Birmingham.

Polymnia Filly.—This two-year-old has run six races this season without hoisting a winning flag. She has been either first or second favourite on every occasion. I should give her one or more chances. She will probably pop up, at a nice price, just to show her cussedness.

Miniver.—Frank Hartigan nearly landed another coup with this fast son of Sunder at Brighton. Miniver is useful over a mile and should be backed each way next time out. Probably Kempton or Hurst Park will be the selected venue.

Ponjola.—Tabor's filly is fast finding her form. She will win a selling handicap before long.

Miwani.—This game little fellow could have been much nearer Scullion in the Ascot Stakes if he had been persevered with. He is a Willonyx horse, and like his sire can stay for ever.

Stanhope.—Take no notice of Stanhope's form in the Wokingham. The start was a particularly bad one, and the three-year-old was one of the chief sufferers. Mr. James White bought the colt a few days prior to the big sprint.

Torlonia.—This one should be kept to six-furlong races and then he will win. He is a temperamental colt and not fitted for a fighting race.

Moro.—Was placed fourth to Verneuil at Newbury. He was running on towards the end of the race and can be placed to win soon.

Caravel.—In the Royal Hunt Cup this splendidly bred horse—Cicero, My Dear—a Derby and an Oaks winner—broke a blood-vessel when leading. He was set to give Weathervane 9 lb. At Newbury he gave Weathervane 8 lb. and finished in front of him. This form speaks for itself. Caravel may easily win the Cambridgeshire.

Marvex.—Do not pay too much attention to Marvex's race at Newbury. He will probably win at Sandown Park this month.

Arausio.—Cottrill's three-year-old is a horse of moods. If you back him you take a sporting chance. He can win when he wants to.

Coe.—The Aga Khan's charming filly is, in my opinion, best over five furlongs. Her latest races have been over seven and six furlongs, and she has faded away towards the end of each race. She will turn up trumps soon.

Nevsky Prospect.—The Russian-named youngster belongs to the Aga Khan. He beat Empire all ends up at Newbury. He will go on winning.

Jazz Band.—No winner of the Pitmen's Derby has ever had a better welcome than Jazz Band. He led all the way and easily shook off the challenges of Carpathus and Brisl. He is a greatly improved horse. Last year Carpathus won the race and this year he met the winner on even better terms.

PADDOCK PARS.

Pere la Cerise did not win out of his turn at Brighton. He had failed on twenty-three consecutive occasions. Naturally, he ran unbacked.

* * *

I have been asked whom I consider our best jockey for getting away smartly from the gate. There is not much to choose between Jelliss and Archibald.

* * *

In spite of the fact that "Steve" rode twenty-four consecutive losers at the opening of the season, he is creeping up towards the head of the jockeys' championship. At the time of writing he is only nine points behind the leader, Smirke.

* * *

Scullion was my tip for the Chester Cup and would have been for the Ascot Stakes if I had known he was a certain runner. Captain Hogg will probably fancy this one for the Cesarewitch.

* * *

I am disgusted with Pondoland. If he wins another race it will probably be at Hawthorn Hill next winter!

* *

Winalot has an ugly name, but not an inappropriate one. His stable connections considered him good enough to beat Polyphontes at level weights. Now you know he must be useful.

* * *

Zodiac, who dead-heated with Haine in the Irish Derby, is Gilpin's first big winner of the season. Half a loaf was very acceptable in this case.

* * *

Mr. Pearce trained Illyrian, the third horse in the Irish Derby. His objection to Haine was ridiculous. The stewards over-ruled it and fined him £25 into the bargain. The objection was that the trainer's wife was a disqualified person and resided with the trainer—her husband. It's a bit Irish.

* * *

I notice that the Latest Fashion Filly has been named Shingled. She "bobbed" up all right at Newcastle.

* * *

I was sorry that it was decided not to saddle Stuff Gown for the big hurdle race at Auteuil. It was a bitter pill to the British contingent who went over specially to back the horse.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Midday (Manchester).

O K 2 J H C F T 8 I M W P S

A Z B E Y D G Q N L U X V R

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

LSA8UORZ would read IRON MASK.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from July 2 to July 8, inclusive.

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"The little backers . . . crowd to the right man. The firm of D. Cope must surely be the most popular in the country."—*Racing and Football Outlook.*

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.

DAVID COPE and ALFRED H. MAURICE,

25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.

NO LIMIT.

1/3rd Odds a Place.

Letter Commissions. Daily Settlements Winnings by Return of Post.

For Credit Accounts only, apply to—

DAVID COPE, 57, Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

NEW HAIR IN 30 DAYS

The "Lynn" Duplex Hair Treatment Banishes Baldness, Greyness, Scurf. Restores to Natural Colour, and Promotes Glorious, Luxuriant Growth all over Scalp.

25,000 TREATMENTS FREE

In order to stop your hair falling out, or to get rid of that baldness which is so distressing, you positively must send to-day for a Free 14 Days' Course of the most sensational Hair Growing Discovery ever made—"Lynn's" Duplex Hair Treatment, about which thousands of people are talking. It is a new principle applied to hair-culture. Recent research has discovered that Baldness, Falling Hair, Premature Greyness—in fact, nearly all hair troubles to which men and women are subject—are caused by a scaly deposit made up of fats which becomes, in our treacherous climate, bacterially infected. The bacteria cling about the hair and deprive it of nourishment. There are uncountable millions on most scalps. The wonderful new discovery destroys this dangerous infection and starts your hair growing vigorously again in all its pristine colour. The hair roots remain alive in 95 out of every 100 cases. Arthur Lynn's Discovery causes a crop of new and healthy and natural-coloured hair to grow all over the scalp—in some cases within a few days. Infective Baldness can no longer spread.

Complete treatments sent on receipt of P.O. for 3/-, 5/- or 10/-

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL.

If you have hair trouble one of these FREE TREATMENTS is yours for the asking. They are not Samples; they are complete 14 Days' Trial Treatments, value 1/6 each. Send your name and address and please enclose 4d. in stamps (halfpenny stamps preferred) to cover cost of postage and packing. Address:

DEPT. 36,
LABORATORY OF HAIR CULTURE,
37, RED LION ST, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.1.

GRAVES

STYLISH COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes

All Garments warranted of best make throughout.

From 5/- monthly.

The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BAD LEGS

Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Abscesses, Eczema and every known form of Leg Complaint CURED

Treatment on Approval

FREE OF ALL CHARGE

INSTANT RELIEF GUARANTEED.

Call or write for full particulars, Booklet "B," sworn testimonials and Medical press opinions. *Consultations free.*

LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.

(Dept. V. T.), 26 Sackville St., Piccadilly, London

Birmingham Branch: 90 Worcester Street

FREE APPROVAL COUPON (*Dept V. T.*)

Name.....

Address.....

GOOD LUCK

Follows JU-JU, THE NIGERIAN MASCOT.

Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Everything you touch will turn out well. Hundreds of letters like these:—

"*It is the luckiest Mascot I have had.*" E. L., Glasgow.

"*The wearer has been lucky ever since.*" H. S., Kensington.

"*It has proved a true friend to me.*" C. M., Edinburgh.

Never mind what sceptics say; wear a Ju-Ju and you will prosper and profit in every field.

Money refunded if not approved.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY, (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamage's, London.

A DOCTOR'S WAY WITH INDIGESTION

The wife of a well-known London physician became a sufferer from digestive disorder, and, naturally enough, she asked her husband for a remedy. The doctor made her up some medicine of the kind usually given to mild cases, but it failed, so, without more ado, he prescribed Bisurated Magnesia, and the results were astonishing, even to the medical man. From the first dose all trace of discomfort vanished, and the one-time sufferer could eat anything she fancied with relish and minus any fear of after-effects. More than that, her complexion improved wonderfully, together with her general health, and, as may be surmised, the doctor is now one of the army of enthusiastic medical men who praise Bisurated Magnesia, and recommend it in cases of stomach trouble. This preparation is readily obtainable at any chemist's, and any reader who is in need of a *real* remedy for indigestion dyspepsia, gastritis, or other such troubles should invest 1s. 3d. in a package without delay.

BEAUTY SPECIALIST TELLS SECRET

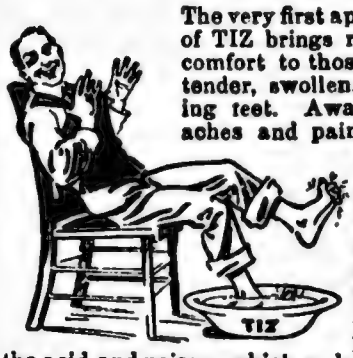
A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well-known beauty specialist, recently gave out the following statement regarding grey hair:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

"TIZ" puts new life in Aching, Tired Feet



The very first application of TIZ brings relief and comfort to those aching, tender, swollen, perspiring feet. Away go all aches and pains, corns, bunions and chafing. TIZ gently draws out through the skin pores all the acid and poisons which make the feet swell, throb and ache. No more agonising torture—your shoes will feel easy and comfortable. In a few minutes you can walk, run or dance with perfect ease and freedom. Don't suffer another minute when you can get certain relief and cure so easy, quick and cheap.

Ask your chemist for the genuine 1/3 size TIZ, the only foot remedy in the yellow box bearing the Government medicine stamp and signature of W. W. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W. 13.

SPECIAL LINO OFFER

SARTOLEUM Cork Linos and Oilcloths at bargain prices. BRITISH MADE. Perfect quality. Supplied DIRECT only. **CORK LINO, 3/-** per sq. yd. **OILCLOTHS, 2/-** per sq. yd. **WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS** and beautifully illustrated Catalogue. **SEND NO MONEY. FLOORCOVERINGS Ltd.** (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

Our Letter Parliament

A World Without Weapons

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

A Conference Now!

Commander Kenworthy's article on Disarmament deserves the deepest consideration of all thinking people. It is appalling to think that in this year 1924 the nations of the world should still be arming against one another, and that mankind should have no better method of settling disputes than by war. The time is ripe for a world-wide disarmament conference, and Great Britain should call the nations of the world together. If we do not move *now* it may soon be too late.—*Leonard Hill, Loughborough.*

People Want Peace.

Commander Kenworthy's article comes at a very opportune moment. Even now conflict seems to hang in the air, the nations distrust one another, and are almost ready to plunge the world into a fresh catastrophe. The horrors of the next war will even surpass those of the Great War. The people want peace; and it is up to the politicians to give ear to them, patch up their international squabbles and strive to bring the world to a greater degree of civilisation—not destruction!—*H. James, Kent.*

Instinct of Mankind.

The instinct in men to combat with one another is as natural as the night following day. No set of ideal or man-made laws will ever alter the fact. The League of Nations, by disarming the peoples of the world, will not prevent the desire to fight, any more than the muzzling of a vicious dog will curb its temper. The muzzle may have a temporary passive effect, but the desire to fight is still existent. We may talk of disarmament, but war amongst mankind is a natural element and will never cease.—*Jack Britton, Chatham.*

Our Shores Unguarded.

I cannot agree with Commander Kenworthy, admirable as are his sentiments. The Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament—already being flouted in some countries—shows the folly of these conferences. It is absurd to plead specially for disarmament for Great Britain. Our whole life depends on our sea power, as Commander Kenworthy well knows. For Britain to set an example to the world would be to leave our shores and possessions open to those foreign foes who are always envious of us.—*T. P. R., Greenock.*

White Feathers Again.

One must sympathise with Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy's attempt to guide public opinion, but undue optimism is dangerous. We may be at war again at any moment, and all the Press will unite to hound down anyone who dares to raise a protest; and most women will lay in a stock of white feathers for presentation. Money will be found again—for war—although we can't spare it now for ex-soldiers, houses, forests, schools, etc.—*Silk, Keighley.*

Is There a Remedy?

Commander Kenworthy's article "Send Mars to Hades" is interesting, but I fear the means suggested would prove altogether unworkable. When the outbreak does occur, it will be overwhelming in its suddenness. No time for vain discussions as to the "Why" or the "Wherefore." The establishment of a universal peace army, composed of forces drawn from the Great Powers, including America, solemnly pledged and thoroughly determined to maintain peace at all costs, strategically distributed, together with a powerful fleet, would go a long way in checking "brigandage" among nations.—*W. G. C., Mid Calder.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Money Down the Drain.

Mr. Gardiner's article draws attention to the evil results of the policy of "doles," and it is to be hoped the warning will not go unheeded. Trade can never revive under such a system; it is not only a deadweight on industry but is corrupting the manhood of the whole nation. That thousands of young men should be unemployed and living on unearned money is a very great evil indeed, and, as your article points out, can only end in the ruin of our trade and industry.—*T. T., Newcastle.*

Back to the Land.

Major Foot's article interests both owners and occupiers of land, but the biggest evil is that when a tenant quits his holding he is at the mercy of two valuers, who, in the majority of cases, are agreed to get the most they can from both the outgoing and ingoing tenants. Until the Farmers' Unions or the State provides independent valuers at a fixed remuneration, and cuts out the professional "robbers" (who only study their own pockets, and charge exorbitant prices for "services rendered"), smallholders will have no remedy.—"*Smallholder.*"

Youth's Apathy.

The attitude of indifference shown by the average young man of to-day toward politics is easily explained. The activities of the food profiteers, building trade "rings," "strike when you like" unions, these all continue, whatever Government is in power, and no attempt is made to stop them. Add to this the callous treatment of the ex-Service man by all Parties, the deadly, soul-destroying policy of "Party before Country" that prevails, and the young man of to-day can scarcely be blamed for dismissing the whole thing from his mind and turning to the latest cricket and racing news.—*P. H., Lyminge, Kent.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"IDEAL FOODS":—"Mushroom pancakes—One ounce of MARGARINE, PEELED AND CHOPPED."

"MY WEEKLY":—"Above, the blue sky showed through the willow tree: BENEATH HIS ARM were those GLORIOUS BLUE EYES."

"SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE":—"The L. M. & S. Railway to-day ran 26 special trains, mostly from Manchester, BEDFORD and OTHER PARTS OF YORKSHIRE."

"ABERDARE LEADER" (advert.):—"Lost, stolen, or STRAYED, Black cat, DEAD AND STUFFED, very precious."

"HOME TOPICS":—"He staggered on his quaking legs and then FELL BACK ON HIS PASTY FACE on the floor."

"ISLE OF WIGHT CHRONICLE":—(advert.):—"Snow white sheets for double beds; 7s. 6d. EACH. WORTH 1s. 11½d PER PAIR."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"The Harrogate fire brigade was quickly on the spot; but owing to the great height of the building the FLAMES OR WATER were insufficient to subdue the flames."

Trees of Treasure.

Neither planting nor conservation is sufficiently encouraged in this country. Trees in plenty mean insurance against drought, increased employment and independence of foreign supplies, besides providing healthy and natural surroundings.—*W. H. Kennedy, N.W.6.*

Tap-room Eloquence.

The present system of liquor sale has few courageous defenders. The point is—can we prevent drunkenness while we allow men to buy liquor until their money is exhausted? During the war we all had food "coupons"—would a "Public House Reform Bill" introduce "drink coupons"? Any reform of public-houses should include the abolition of "barmaids." The language they have to listen to to-day is often disgraceful. Swearing seems a growing vice, and drink too often causes men to lose control of their tongues.—*A. J., Wigton.*

Labour's Bogey.

As an I.L.P. man, I should like to endorse Mr. Gardiner's statement that the Labour Party is unsuccessfully trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. The Communist element which shields itself behind the mass of the Labour Party is destroying the Government's credit in the country. The next election, which cannot long be delayed, will show the Prime Minister his fatal error. Let him act before it is too late, and repudiate once and for all the Communist element, which is a canker threatening to exterminate the Labour Party.—*I.L.P., Isle of Wight.*

More Rope for Rogues.

Thanks for your article on the scandal of swindling advertisements published in the daily Press. It is high time that the newspapers showed some sense of responsibility in this matter to their readers, most of whom assume that any advertisement admitted to the columns of their favourite daily must be *bona fide*. There are certain patently flat-catching types of advertisement which no reputable daily ought to accept without enquiry. To admit an advertisement about which there is any suspicion is simply to aid rogues to whom the law already allows too much rope.—*W. J.*

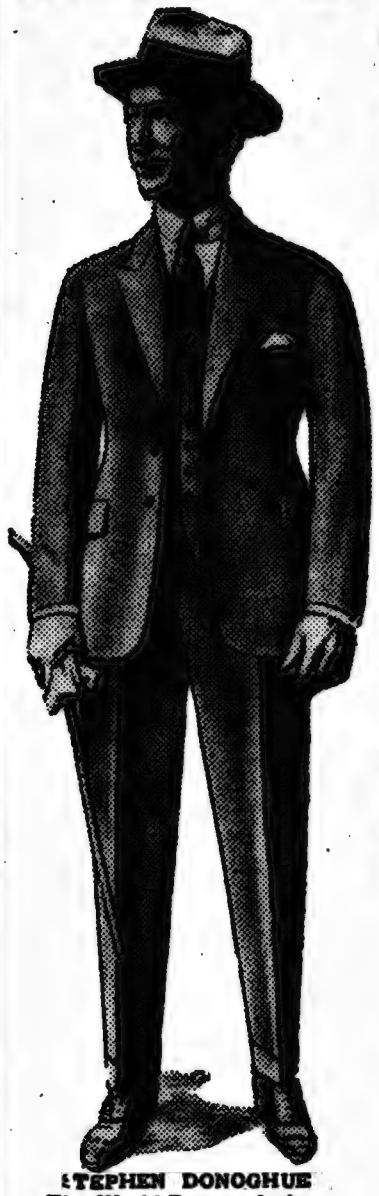
Black Lovers.

Your well-expressed wholesome disgust at the marriage of white British women and coloured men, must have found an echo in many a Britisher's breast in this country. It seems well-nigh incredible to us living here in Africa yet a few mails ago we learnt with some apprehension that an English girl married to an East Coast native was actually on her way to Cape Town. If only a few of these misguided people at home could see the "Kaffir" in his native kraal, no parents or guardians would allow their girls to sink to such a deplorable depth.—*A Britisher Abroad.*

The Different Basis.

The Co-operative Insurance Society, Limited; of Manchester, referring to our paragraph on the thieving by house building schemes carried on in the name of co-operation, write to us to point out that the Societies which operate in the manner we criticised are not connected with the Co-operative movement, and this Society represents the only insurance office in this movement. It has a house purchase scheme, which is conducted on quite a different basis from those we criticised and, of course, is a highly reputable concern.

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0



STEPHEN DONOGHUE
The World-Famous Jockey.
Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE. If after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally our SELF MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely.

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

ALL WOOL SOAP SHRUNK FLANNEL SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3-10-0

A RELIABLE HOLIDAY SUIT

A SUPERFINE SOLID WORSTED SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3-10-0

AN ELEGANT SUIT FOR VERY BEST WEAR

FOR WET OR FINE, THE BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, eminently suitable for all the year round wear, Summer and Winter alike.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

IT IS SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once and we will refund not only your cash in full but also the postage incurred by your returning it.

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM MAKING THIS OFFER.

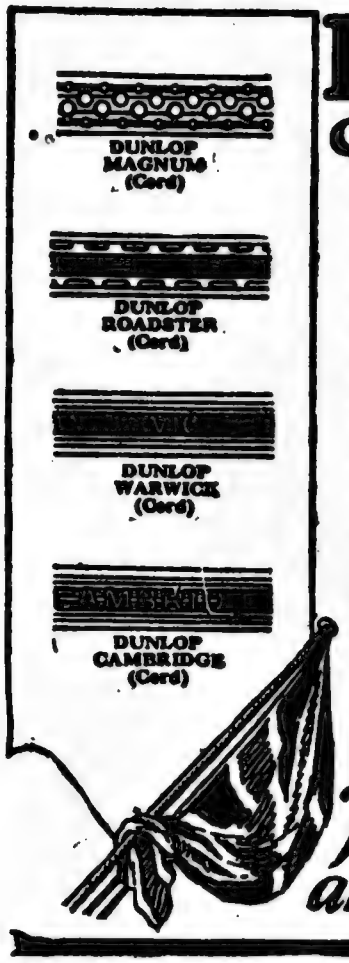
Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & CO LTD.

(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus)

BRITISH-and BEST



DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

are thoroughly British. Countless riders have proved them *best*.

The four grades in the Dunlop range—Dunlop Magnum, Dunlop Roadster, Warwick and Cambridge—are all built by experts, and each type represents the finest value for money you can buy.

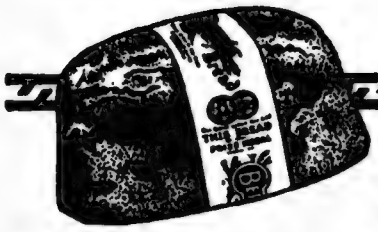
They are all *Cord* tyres, and your dealer will recommend them for supreme strength and enduring service.

THE DUNLOP RANGE OF CYCLE TYRES.	Wired-on Cover.	Tube.
	s. d.	s. d.
Dunlop Magnum (Cord) ..	13 6	5 0
,, Roadster (Cord) ..	10 6	4 0
Warwick Roadster (Cord)	8 3	3 3
Cambridge Roadster (Cord)	5 3	2 0
Clipper Carrier	8 3	3 3
Clipper Speed (Cord) ..	8 3	3 3

Beaded Edge Covers 1/6 each extra.

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

C.F.H.



To be Well Fed eat Bermaline Bread

Our Daily Bread

Your baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily.

For name of nearest "Bermaline" baker write Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow.

At every meal—from breakfast time to supper time—we eat Bread. The crisp crust, fine texture, pleasing aroma and delightful flavour of "Bermaline" Bread are incomparable—it is all that good Bread should be. Just try it, you'll enjoy the change.

"Bermaline" Bread

W.J.C.S.

Wood-Milne

RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS.

Neat, durable and resilient. A real protection from damp underfoot.

See the name WOOD MILNE on every pair.

Stocked by all Bootmen.

14 DAYS' SALE.

First Anniversary Sale!

at the LARGEST MENS STORE IN ENGLAND!

WHEN Curzon's opened England's largest Men's Outfitting Store last July the Public and Press were astounded at the wonderful offers. 237,541 well-satisfied customers were served during the Opening Sale. The first Anniversary is now being celebrated with the offer of bargains that beat even last year's record. We want to make this huge store even better known than it is and to impress its renown firmly in your memory; we have gathered together immense quantities of Men's Wear Goods—all new goods, mark you—which are being offered at **about one-third to one-half of the usual selling prices.** Here's your chance of laying in a stock of everyday goods at unheard-of values.

The Famous 4-in-1 Officers' Style TRENCH COAT

This is the ORIGINAL Garment as first introduced by Curzon's in 1922, when the price was 70/-. Last season, thousands were sold at 40/- and 45/-. Many imitations have sprung up, but there is nothing to equal the Curzon Coat for style and finish. The Coats offered in this Sale are brand-new and the materials and make are identical in every respect with the Coat sold at the original prices.

This is a Coat for a lifetime, the detachable wool lining making it ideal for the cold weather, and when warm this lining can be detached and the Coat then becomes a first-class Raincoat for the mild weather. Its unique features are: 1. The outer material is the genuine original gabardine triple-proofed. 2. It is lined with smart check plaid. 3. It is rubber interlined. 4. It has a detachable wool lining which can be fixed or removed in a minute. Supplied in either Fawn or Navy Blue, complete with detachable wool lining at the wonderful Sale Price of **28/6**

In sizes from 34 to 46 chest.

If ordering by post, give your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat) and add 1/- for postage and packing.

5,000 PAIRS MEN'S STRIPED TROUSERS.

The first time we have been able to offer this astounding bargain. We were fortunate in clearing from a Manufacturer his stock of Trouserings at much under cost price, and we have made these up into Men's Trousers, all sizes. Well made and with permanent turn-ups. The material is strong and durable and in nice neat striped worsted designs.

All sizes from 30 to 42 waist. PRICE **5/6**

If ordering by post, give waist and inside leg measure and add 9d. for postage and packing.

2,000 READY-TO-WEAR ALL WOOL TWEED SUITS.

Here is a chance that can only occur once. We accumulated during the year a large number of Suit Lengths of which there are only perhaps 2 or 3 of one pattern, as the bulk stock has been sold. Not being able to send patterns out with so small a stock, we decided to tailor them into Suits ready to wear for this Great Sale. Here they are then. In the ordinary way these Suits made to measure sell at 63/-, 70/- and 84/-, but we have decided to make no distinction in price and offer them all at one price, 35/-. The Cloths are guaranteed all wool and the Suits have been made up and trimmed in our own workshops. The shades are all regular ones that were selling last season, such as light, medium and dark greys, fawns, browns, heather mixtures, etc.; also in grey and fawn overchecks.

All sizes for men in stock, from 34 to 42 inch chest. ALL ONE PRICE **35/-**

If ordering by post, state shade preferred, and give your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat) and inside leg measure of trousers, and add 1/- for postage and packing. No patterns can be sent. Leave it to us to make a good selection. Money returned if suit not approved.

3,000 Men's SPORTS COATS

Another record-smashing line.

A real good quality Men's Sports Coat at Half-a-Guinea is an eye-opener. Made of superior quality Wool Tweeds, this Coat is a sensible garment for wear indoor or out-door, for the seaside and all games and sports. It will give you more than good service. Made in sizes from 32 to 42 inches Chest. In nice shades of Grey, Drab and Fawn. PRICE

10/6

When ordering by post state your height and chest measure — (taken over waistcoat) and add 1/- for postage and packing.

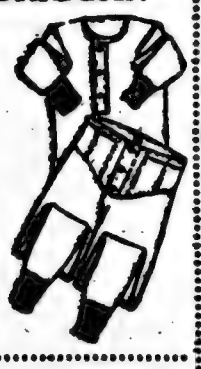
2,500 MEN'S MACS.

Here is offered one of the finest values in Gent's Mackintosh Coats. Rubber lined, and not only Showerproof but Stormproof. Full-length, double-breasted and with belt, tens of thousands of these Coats were sold last season at a guinea. Now for the great Anniversary Sale, all sizes in stock, either in Fawn or Navy at **12/6**

In sizes from 34 to 44 inches chest.

If ordering by post, give your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat) and add 9d. for postage and packing.

GENT'S BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR.



Splendid quality Summer Underwear that will give great satisfaction. Vest half sleeves. Trunk Drawers or Pants to ankle.

CURZON'S PRICE,

1/11

Outsizes 6d. extra. Postage 4d.

The "CEBEDENE" WATERPROOF COAT

Another Coat FREE is yours for the asking—if you can possibly get wet in our (Regd.) CEBEDENE Coat. Thousands of these Coats have been sold this season. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof, all seams being sewn and covered, checked rubber lined with Detachable Wool Linings. This lining can be removed in the warmer weather, thus making the garment an all-the-year-round Coat. Every Coat bears the Cebedene label, without which no garment is genuine. A Coat well worth 35/-, but the Anniversary SALE PRICE is **21/-**

Fawn or Navy Blue the same price. In sizes from 34 to 46 inches chest. If ordering by post, give your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat) and add 1/- for postage and packing.

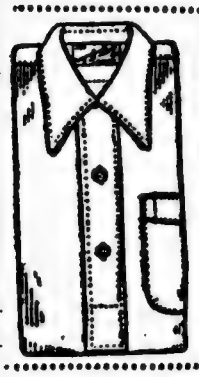
MEN'S TUNIC SHIRTS.

Wonderful Value in Men's Shirts. Neat patterns, well made and cut, and guaranteed fast colours. Treble stitched and gusseted. All sizes in stock at one price.

3/3

Extra for postage: 6d. for 1, 2 or 3, or 9d. for 6.

CREAM TWILL FLANNEL TENNIS SHIRTS.



Well made, with collar attached; can be worn buttoned or open neck style. Outside breast pocket. Wonderful value. All sizes.

4/7

EACH. Post 6d.

Absolutely the biggest bargain in Tennis Shirts.

THE WEMBLEY SUIT.

Fast-dye Blue Serge. Pure Wool Indigo Dyed. Made from a cloth specially woven for us, every strand of super-strength, so that it is practically impossible for the Suit to wear out. An unconditional guarantee is given that if within 2 years any defect appears or the colour fades, any garment will be replaced Free of Charge. The Price of the Suit, cut and tailored in first-class style and made specially to measure, is **70/-**

Patterns of the cloth with self-measure form supplied free on request.

PURE WOOL WHITE PULL-OVER SWEATERS.

With Protector Front and Collar. A wonderful bargain.

PRICE

5/3

Outsizes 1/- extra. Post 6d.

MEN'S SUMMER PYJAMAS.

The Biggest Value ever offered.

Made from high-grade material. Some are Silky Crêpe Cotton, others are Zephyr of good quality Wincrosetta. White grounds with Pink, Blue or Mauve stripes. All sizes. Every pair worth half-a-guinea. CURZON'S PRICE, per pair. By Post 6d. extra.

5/-

Other Bargain Lines which we have no space to illustrate, but are equally as good Value as the above:

GENT'S TIES.—Nice patterns and colourings, 9½d. and 1/2 each. Postage 2d.

GENT'S BATHING COSTUMES.—Navy Blue regulation pattern, 1/6. Postage 2d.

GENT'S BRACES.—Elastic web and plated slide buckles, 9½d. and 1/2 pair. Postage 2d.

GENT'S SPORTS BELTS.—With patent slide buckles, 10½d. Postage 3d.

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Motoring for the Million

A Paradise on Wheels

by MOTOMAC

THE only topic that will really arouse enthusiasm during the next few weeks is that of holidays. The motorist, however humble, scores then. No stuffy trains or struggles with luggage to worry him. Even the seaside landlady will be eliminated if the Holiday Caravan Company, Oxford, have their way.

Caravaning always makes an appeal to certain types. Frankly, I like comfort more. It has been an expensive hobby in the past, as the first cost was considerable, and storage for about eleven months of the year a serious difficulty.

Now that a thoroughly up-to-date Eccles Caravan, fully equipped, can be hired for a short period and expert advice as to camping sites provided with it, we can all be Nomads for a week or two.

The motor trade seems to be getting demoralised. They are producing new models out of season, a new A.C., and no suggestion that it should wait till the Show before seeing the light. The beauty of it is that in all essentials it is the same as the old one, even to the handsome lines which have been praised so often. The price is lower—£275, and it has been brought about mainly by alterations in coachwork and equipment.

The car is so popular that description is unnecessary. The four-cylinder is rated at twelve h.p., and petrol consumption twenty-five to thirty miles per gallon.

MOTORISTS are still being overtaxed. When the rate was fixed it was intended to provide nine millions for road repairs. The increase during the first four months of this year was about four millions above the original estimate.

In our district I would swear that none of the increase and very little of the original sum has been spent on the roads. In fact, broken springs are becoming a common trouble.

In my case I was driven to try an experiment with Recta-skids. The car in question was rather a heavy coach, built all weather, on a chassis really intended for a medium-weight open tourer. It has got quite a stodgy fell and pot-holes could be felt quite easily. There was a danger in drilling the frame for ordinary shock absorbers, so I had the little ball-bearing leaf inserted.

Without attempting any scientific explanation I can only state that it does in some way result in increased flexibility. We ride the pot-holes instead of jolting over them.

Never having much trouble with skidding we tried to make one, by taking a very acute bend at full speed, and jamming on brakes in the middle of the circle. The skid did not materialise. The skid is so great a terror for so many motorists that one feels that the Recta-skid is worth the money.

My springs were sent in the ordinary way from my own garage, and the Recta-skid people had no idea that they were fitting them for any public comment.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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Information desired .....

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We guarantee every machine we sell for 12 months. You can test any machine for 7 days, and if it does not meet with your entire satisfaction, your money will be returned in full. What could be fairer?

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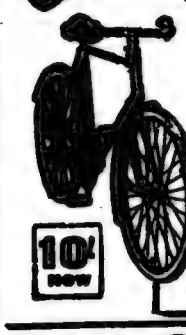

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Lowest cash £5.5s CASH

Metal Cycle Company (Inc.), (Dept. B687), Birmingham.

50 YARD ROLL NEW WHITE MUTTON CLOTH

EVER-READY Brand, the finest material known for all kinds of cleaning and polishing, sent carriage paid for 7/6

You need never be without cleaning cloths! This roll will make nearly 100.

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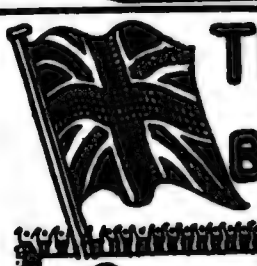

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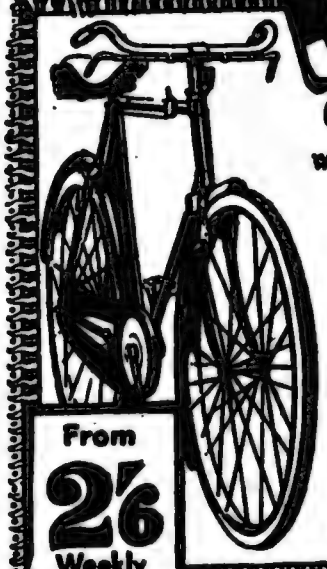

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Prices from £6 15. to £15 15.

We shall be pleased to send you the name of the nearest agent.

W. H. RAVEN & Co. Ltd. Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 21.*

K. N. (Richmond).—"I find that life is one struggle after another." Never mind! You've come out on top this time.

L. S. (Harrow).—"I am a farm labourer but my boy is getting a college education." Then you make hay while the son shines.

D. H. J. (Maidenhead).—"Should a man regard his wife as his equal?" Decidedly. He should never attempt to beat her.

F. F. (Chester).—"I should very much like to ride some of the Rodeo horses." We have no doubt that you would be frightfully bucked.

G. V. (Tonbridge).—"Prohibitionists have a lot to say for themselves." You don't ever expect to find a prohibitionist speechless do you?

M. B. (York).—"Although I'm bald I'm not bad tempered." Still, you don't seem to have been very successful at keeping your hair on.

B. R. B. (Ipswich).—"Unfortunately, my wife takes more interest in her 'poms.' than she does in me." No wonder she's leading you a dog's life.

L. J. (Hemel Hempstead).—"Politicians are not wonder-workers." No. Even Maskelyne's can't produce rabbits from hats that have been talked through.

D. N. E. (Killin).—"I find it convenient to go to the same holiday resort every year." Convenient for your friends, too. They know just where to avoid you.

R. M. (Thwaite).—"My young brother thinks he's very smart, but I've often caught him tripping." Perhaps he thinks he's smart because he's often tripped you courting?

F. F. (Lewes).—"I have just married, and have promised my wife to remember our fiftieth anniversary." Excellent—provided you also remember the forty-nine others.

G. G. (Redhill).—"Women nowadays go to any lengths to beautify themselves." On the contrary, they are going to such shortnesses that we shall soon have them bald!

Miss G. K. (S.W. 1).—"I want to change the order of things." You should join one of the two institutions which are doing their best—a Night-Club or a Night-School.

F. G. T. (Amersham).—"Many business men don't understand how to play the game." Or, in other words, a week-end change from striped trousers to plus-fours does not make the golfer.

HILDA B. D. (Cotham).—"Love is the keynote of the whole world." And if only people would listen to the note and not get out of tune, there would be more harmony and less discord.

F. G. (Plymouth).—"My luck seems dead out." Try putting a "p" in front of it.

D. T. (Peckham).—"I've had many trials in my life." But no convictions, we trust?

Y. O. (Farnham).—"My wife paid five guineas for a hat." A clear case of too much money going to the head.

N. K. (Ascot).—"Is it really possible to make writing pay?" Certainly, if you have a generous rich uncle to whom to write.

E. E. (Ayton).—"When did Prohibition start in America?" We're not sure, but it was probably the thirsty first of April.

R. S. (Reading).—"There's more than one way of making money." And money can likewise be lost in more ways than won.

M. S. W. (Shaftesbury).—"Do you believe in the policy of going without." We do, until it rains. Then it's best to go within.

A. P. (Burnley).—"It's the traffic that gets me in London." There now! And it's just the traffic that stops us from getting.

S. R. (Clapham).—"If you publish my story, what do you think it would fetch?" At a modest estimate, at least two policemen.

E. A. (Sidcot).—"I'm a thinker, pure and simple." You may or may not be pure, but we've had documentary evidence that you're simple.

D. O. (Cheddar).—"There are many men who don't know what to do with their time." But quite a number of them put it in pawn.

B. Y. (Lancing).—"What is the object of a ticket collector clipping a hole in a railway ticket?" To enable the passenger to walk through.

H. P. (Crouch End).—"People on the stage seem to do pretty much what they like." The trouble is they don't often do what the audience likes.

S. N. (Bletchley).—"There are some people make you feel at home immediately." And a lot more who immediately make you wish you were.

NED (York).—"The bank wouldn't pay out on the cheque I presented to them." The fellow who gave it to you must have been of "no account."

H. R. (Epsom).—"Do you pronounce the 'g' in 'Gnu'?" Gno.

K. J. (Littlehampton).—"A man ought to keep going." That's what we hope you'd do if you kept coming.

G. A. (Southend).—"Some seaside concerts are really rather dreadful." You think the pierrot pier rot?

W. T. (Tiverton).—"The average summer holiday is too short." Just as is the average summer holiday-maker.

H. F. T. (Exmouth).—"If one is timid, what is the best thing to do when it starts to thunder?" Run in like lightning.

R. McD. (Paisley).—"My opinion, however, is neither here nor there." It most certainly doesn't *get* anywhere.

F. R. L. (Bath).—"Personally, I don't fancy these highly coloured 'soft' drinks." We prefer our Black and White ourselves.

Miss G. H. (Leyton).—"The wise woman goes through life with a smile." The flippant flapper hurtles along with a honk and giggle.

H. G. F. (Coventry).—"The question is well worth a little thought." How tantalising for you to know that, but not be able to give it!

E. S. (Kingston).—"I was thrown on the world ten years ago." And all this time we've been thinking the trouble started in Germany!

S. C. B. (Monkton).—"Now for the sequel." Funny! We distinctly heard a hungry voice from the waste-paper basket say exactly the same thing!

"OPPORTUNIS" (Lewis).—"If you want to get on, you must take the bull by the horns." So many people don't get on because the bull gets there first.

K. L. (Tiverton).—"Single girls look upon marriage as a period of 'thumbs up.'" Whereas, for some of those who are married, it is a case of "knuckle down."

W. B. M. (Windsor).—"It puzzles the working man to know why he shouldn't have his 'bob' on a horse." And it puzzles him still more to know which horse to have it on.

B. O. C. (Cambusiang).—"Barbers certainly do talk a lot, but they deal only in trivialities." And, personally, we prefer them not to go below the surface, specially if they're shaving us.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essentialas a guarantee of good faith.

F. S. (Brixham).—"Strikes are always in the air." Oh no. Some are Underground.

J. S. (London, E.).—"My brother threw a plate of fried fish at me." Perhaps you had chipped him.

D. J. (Shoreham).—"I went for a short tramp the other day." Our dog went for a long postman.

G. K. A. (Waterloo).—"A girl I know is engaged to a shady moneylender." Then she's hooked a shark.

Amy F. (Pimlico).—"I haven't got a regular boy now." Perhaps you're walking out with a territorial.

R. Y. (Wimbledon).—"I am resolved to marry a girl who can take a joke." She'll probably accept you, then.

P. C. D. (Hendon).—"We have a wireless set in the drawing-room, now." All the comforts of ohm suite ohm!

S. J. D. (Glasgow).—"Our cricket match and dance had to be postponed on account of the rain." No ball!

Geo. D. (Clapham).—"I am sending you a play in blank verse." Sorry, but we have no blank space for it.

B. T. (Chalfont).—"Jazz bands in restaurants are a positive nuisance." They certainly do emphasise the din in dinner.

J. F. (Leicester).—"In the abstract, the problem of producing new houses is solved." But there are very few concrete examples.

L. P. S. (Christchurch).—"Our landlord objects to us having a loud speaker." Most landlords object to young couples having loud squeakers.

P. D. (Bristol).—"He owes me £100, but I can never catch him as he is always changing his lodgings." A shifty fellow, evidently.

A. S. G. (Scarborough.)—"Not more than a dozen living men have made fortunes by the pen." Win *Bullets* £1,500 this week and become the thirteenth.

D. W. (Thundersley).—"All upstairs windows should have a protecting balustrade round them." Righto! We shan't fall out over that.

L. Y. (Dewsbury).—"A stall at a theatre and a packet of chocolates will please any girl." Don't know so much. Some would prefer a box.

Mrs. B. (Headford).—"For an afternoon dress there is nothing nicer than a neat black and white." Sounds more like a night cap to us.

B. T. (Aberdeen).—"Why should not all bars be on the café system so we can sit down in comfort?" You evidently don't believe in standing drinks.

P. S. B. (Finsbury).—"The gas is so bad in our room that we can hardly see at night." Give the baby a few peppermints and you'll always be able to find him in the dark.

S. G. (Southsea).—"What do you think of the jokes I sent you?" Very, very good. When we first heard them we laughed so much that we nearly fell out of our cradle.

R. T. V. (Drayton Park).—"The Censor was quite right in forbidding an actress to appear in a slashed wrapper." Yet we don't suppose he'll interfere with the Wembley side shows.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR WM. JOYNSON-HICKS: The benefit to the State from early marriages is very considerable.

To which the answer is that sufficient houses are a considerable help to early marriages.

* * *

CAPTAIN LUGARD: Each boy from eight years of age can take up some form of useful work.

This is the twentieth, not the eighteenth century.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE: Ours is a nation capable of saving itself.

Which is fortunate, since the politicians are so helpless.

* * *

SIR SAMUEL HOARE: A special enquiry should be set up into the Tube strike.

By the same reasoning there should be a similar one into the building lock-out.

JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P.: The essentials of the Housing Bill are a treaty with the building industry.

You guarantee them work. What do they guarantee you?

* * *

A. J. COOK: I believe solely and absolutely in Communism.

Clearly the Miners' Federation needs a new Secretary if it is to have the country's sympathy.

* * *

ARTHUR HENDERSON: I am advised that public sweepstakes are illegal.

Then why was not the M.P. who won one prosecuted?

* * *

MARGARET BONDFIELD: This debate gives me a feeling of unreality.

You've stated succinctly the fallacy of the whole Parliamentary game.

Shave with the Enthusiasm of Youth

In our youth we shaved eagerly .... and, perhaps, let it be whispered, needlessly. But now, in maturity, we shrink from it, shirk it, miss our train because of it. Yet there is a way to restore the shaving enthusiasm of youth. Use Gibbs Shaving Cream—"the cream of shaves" and absolutely British.

Gibbs Shaving Cream is made on a new principle with the sole object of producing a super-lather and a softened skin. It is a rich, copious, closely woven lather that retains moisture and softens the beard right through, holding it in position for the swift, clean work of the razor.

How smoothly your razor will glide through the fragrant, foamy fleece. The liberal proportion of cold cream contained in Gibbs Shaving Cream leaves the skin smooth and comforted as if newly massaged.

Try to-day this newest way to shave and know what a delight shaving can be.

Gibbs SHAVING CREAM

The Cream of Shaves

PRICE 1/6 PER TUBE.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 29V.)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1

Actual dimensions of full-size tube 6 in. high by 4 in. in circumference.

FREE TRIAL TUBE

Because we are convinced that Gibbs Shaving Cream will give you the best shave you have ever had we can afford to send you a trial tube for nothing. Send us on a postcard your own name and address, and the name and address of your Chemist, and three days luxury shaving is yours.

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In the same way as hundreds of Shaw Students are doing to-day, for the field of mail order is practically unlimited, you can commence with a pound or two capital and by devoting a little of your leisure hours to the work you can build a big and lucrative business which may perhaps enable you to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment to devote your own time to your own thriving concern. Experience is not necessary and it makes no difference in what locality you live.

Send No Money.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 for 6p

Here are 5 Coupons for a start

FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY.
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Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons.
Name..... Address.....

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SAVES TIME, LABOUR & MONEY

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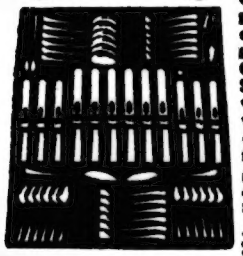

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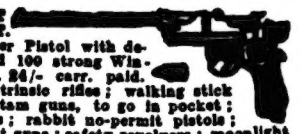

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TO THOSE WHO DO NOT COMPETE
in "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

Are *you* one of those who have looked at the "Bullets" page and have abandoned the idea of trying your hand because you think you are not clever enough?

Are *you* one of those who, after tackling the examples, have given up the idea of competing because you cannot think of a good idea.

If so, *you* should buy the

COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls. Every Saturday. PRICE 2d. for it is the paper which for nearly 12 years has been helping people like you, and by dint of advice, help and guidance has brought them into the prize lists in a surprisingly short space of time.

This week, for instance, *every example* on the page opposite is dissected and ideas are given which will assist you in your endeavour to win that £1,500. Order the *Competitors' Journal* To-day.

"The 'C.J.' teaches the way!"

A specimen copy will be sent free on application to the Publisher, 115, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

The Dog Days and the Under Dog

WHILE planning our own enjoyment in the holidays, let us spare a thought for the under dogs to whom the Dog Days bring no hope of respite from their struggles to survive misfortune, no prospect of alleviation of the crushing burdens they are forced to bear.

There are slums in the cities into which the summer sunshine never penetrates. If it did, it would only accentuate the dismal squalor of those wretched tenements; it could not chase the shadows from the cheerless lives of the poverty stricken souls who live and die there, whose days and nights mingle year in and year out in a ceaseless round of misery and want.

Would not your holiday be happier if you felt you had been able to brighten in some small measure the dull, despairing lives of these poor under dogs? There is an easy way to that happiness.

Week by week "The Greatest of These" Fund sends sunshine into the hearts and homes of the poor and afflicted. We visit widows and orphans, and feed and clothe them. We procure healing for the sick, and nourishment for nursing mothers. We hold out a hand to honest men who through no fault of their own are workless, and help them over the rough places in the pathway of life. We carry comfort to the aged, and sweeten with the fragrance of kindly thought the evening of their days.

HELP us to help the under dogs. Our Fund is the only one in this country, so far as we know, which makes no deduction whatever for expenses from the money contributed by the public. Every penny subscribed is distributed to the needy, JOHN BULL bearing all the costs of administration.

Send us your subscriptions now, and make the Dog Days days of delight.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Miss L. CLAYTON, 88, Jefferson Street, Goole.
H. DAVIES, 39, St. Mary Street, Port Talbot.
R. T. FRENCH, 47, Maxwellton, East Kilbride, N.B.
H. GROUT, Raydon Woodlands, Hadleigh, Suffolk.
W. J. LLOYD, Council Schools, Llanddensant, Llangadock.
B. NORRIS, 5, Sunbury Cottages, Northfield, B'ham.
A. E. OAKES, The Cedars, Ramsbury, Wilts.
W. ORTON, 90, Leire Street, Melton Road, Leicester,
A. OXLEY, 30, Birkhouse Lane, Moldgreen, Huddersfield.
Mrs. J. ROBINSON, Cornwall Street, Bere Alston, Devon.
E. SHEPPARD, Catherine Villa, Falfield, Glos.
G. H. SKELTON, 5, Butcher Terrace, Bishopthorpe Road, York.
H. H. SMITH, 80, Regent Street, Smethwick.
E. TRIGG, 31, New Park Terrace, Treforest, Pontypridd.
Mrs. W. TURNER, 37, Wellington Street, Luton.
W. WARDELL, 84, Jefferson Road, Sheerness.

100 PRIZE-WINNERS OF £1

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List of Five-Solving Prize winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 523 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

'BULLETS' MONSTER FIRST!

£1,500

2nd. Prize £250 | 4th. Prize £50 | 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2 | 5th. Prize £25 | 3rd. Prize £100

100 PRIZES OF £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 5000 TARGET PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 525.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:
Mr. B. MORGAN, 36, Hova Villas, Hove, Sussex.
Example:—PRACTICAL POLITICS
Bullet:—ENDING, NOT ENDOWING UNEMPLOYMENT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Miss M. CALLANAN, 16, Nelson Street, Dublin.
Example:—SEEDS OF DISCONTENT
Bullet:—UNUSED LAND PROVIDES "GROUND."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. H. A. BROWN, 58, Park Avenue, Palmers Green, N.
Example:—SMART WORK
Bullet:—BY CUPID, SELDOM PERMANENT.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:
Mr. G. F. CHARLES, 36, Louis Terrace, Llwyncelyn Perth.
Example:—NOT OUT
Bullet:—OF "SEASONED WOOD"—"CABINET."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. A. D. BONE, 25, Palace Square, Upper Norwood, S.E.
Example:—WHAT HER MOTHER SAID
Bullet:—ABOUT MEN—MEANT FATHER.

10 Holiday Prizes of £15 each

G. E. AUSTIN, 57, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.
NOT OUT—OF HAND-BAGS, WAITERS ENRICHED.

T. J. BAKER, 36, Park Chase, Wembley Park, Middx.
MORE THAN WELCOME—LIVING WAGE—DYING TIPS.

Miss I. BETTY, 47, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney.
WHAT TO DO NEXT—GRUMBLE ABOUT THE HEAT!

D. H. COATE, 106A, East Street, Southampton.
SEEDS OF DISCONTENT—LABOUR REMEDIES MERELY TRANSPLANTING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. H. CROOK, 14, Wellington Square, Oxford.
THE DEATH RAY—LOSING, MEANS SAMPLING LATER.

W. CROSS, 94, The Chine, Grange Park, N.
MY FUTURE—HOUSE—WAITING FOR APPRENTICES.

I. D. EDWARDS, 24, Evans Terrace, Blaenclydach, Rhondda.
AFTER SEEING WEMBLEY—"THE OTHER HALF" KNOWS.

Mrs. K. HUDSON, 43, Whittaker Lane, Heaton Park.
WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST?—PROUD FATHER SETTING ALARM-CLOCK.

H. F. LEWIN, 47, Crossvale Road, Huyton, Liverpool.
WORTH HAVING—A WIRELESS LICENCE "DETECTOR."

C. W. WILES, 324, Crystal Palace Road, S.E.
AFTER SEEING WEMBLEY—DON'T IMAGINE COLONIES FAIRYLAND.

10 Holiday Prizes of £10 each

W. CLAYTON, 81, Glossop Road, Gamesley, Derbys.
WHY BABY HOWLED—FATHER MISJUDGED THE CEILING.

W. DAWE, 102, Newbridge Road, Bath.
UNRELIABLE—AND UNREALISABLE, SOCIALIST PROMISES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

M. EAMES, 11, Daux Road, Billingshurst, nr, Horsham.
AFTER SEEING WEMBLEY—STOPPING COLONIAL SON'S PARCELS.

T. W. HUDSPITH, 4, Derwen Road, Pontyclun, Glam.
SOUND AT HEART—CONJUROR—OBESITY WAS RABBIT.

W. H. MARTIN, 31, Park Avenue, Chelmsford.
NOT OUT—FIRE, BEFORE SALE'S ADVERTISED.

Mrs. M. PARKER, 11, Algernon Road, Kilburn, N.W.
NOT OUT—FOR EVERYTHING, ENLIGHTENED SOCIALISTS.

S. SALAMAN, Blue Tea Rooms, 24, Francis Street, W.C.
SEEDS OF DISCONTENT—NOT VINDICTIVENESS, THEATRE BOOS.

H. A. SPOKES, 5, Culmstock Road, Clapham Common.
THE DAY BEFORE—SIGNING PLEDGE, SIGNATURE IMPOSSIBLE.

H. TURNER, 2, Claro Place, Cambridge Road, Leeds.
DOLES FOR ALL—QUICKSANDS TO NATIONAL OBLIVION.

H. A. WERDEN, Victoria Cottage, Edenbridge, Kent.
WORTH HAVING—REDUCTIONS—NOT ADDED ELSEWHERE.

Other Prize-winners will be found on page 39.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 528.

PARLIAMENT
A DAY AT WEMBLEY
SUZANNE LENGLEN
ON LIFE'S JOURNEY
OUR CLIMATE
THE HOUSING BILL
WHAT THE WAITRESS SAID
WHILE WE WAIT
IF LABOUR FAILS
SEASIDE FLAPPER
HOW TO GET ON
PLEASURE
IN FRANCE
GAME OF LOVE
WITHOUT MONEY
WHAT TELEGRAM SAID
A GOOD DAY'S WORK
NICE TO FACE
MY FORTUNE
NOT FAR BEHIND
AN AMERICAN
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE
ALL TOO SHORT
SIMPLE
"I WILL!"
UNDERPAID
NEVER FOUND
IMPROVING
AN INVENTOR
TIME TO STOP
BIG FISH
WHEN SHE BATHES
A PICNIC
WHAT MADE HIM
WHAT IS A HOME?
HUMAN MACHINE
BY THE SEA
IF DOLE STOPPED
NO BABY
WOMAN'S HOUR

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. *Bullets* must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG *Bullet*:—PURSE DECIDING SCHOOL AGE.
Example:—OUR DRINK *Bullet*:—IS "DEAR"—AMERICA'S "DEPARTED."
Example:—A BIG CROWD *Bullet*:—SEEING BRIDEGROOM DOESN'T ESCAPE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 528, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 529.

TIME TO THINK—MY MONEY—HOW TO MAKE LOVE—IF WIFE'S PRESENT—BEST FORGOTTEN—CHARITY—IN FRONT—WHY SHE FAINTED—FIRST BITE—IF I WERE BOSS—WHAT TEACHER SAID—FUNNY—A TRUMP—HER BATHING DRESS—KEEPING HOUSE—NOT FOR US—DELIGHTFUL—HER FIRST ATTEMPT—SEASIDE LANDLADY—WHAT IS WORK?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 21.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **529** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **529**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **528.**

Charles Podmore, running, breathing hard
was daily seen by Fred, the guard

Those fatal minutes now he saves
and owes them to his **EASY** shaves

E 134—348

6d Per Stick

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

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